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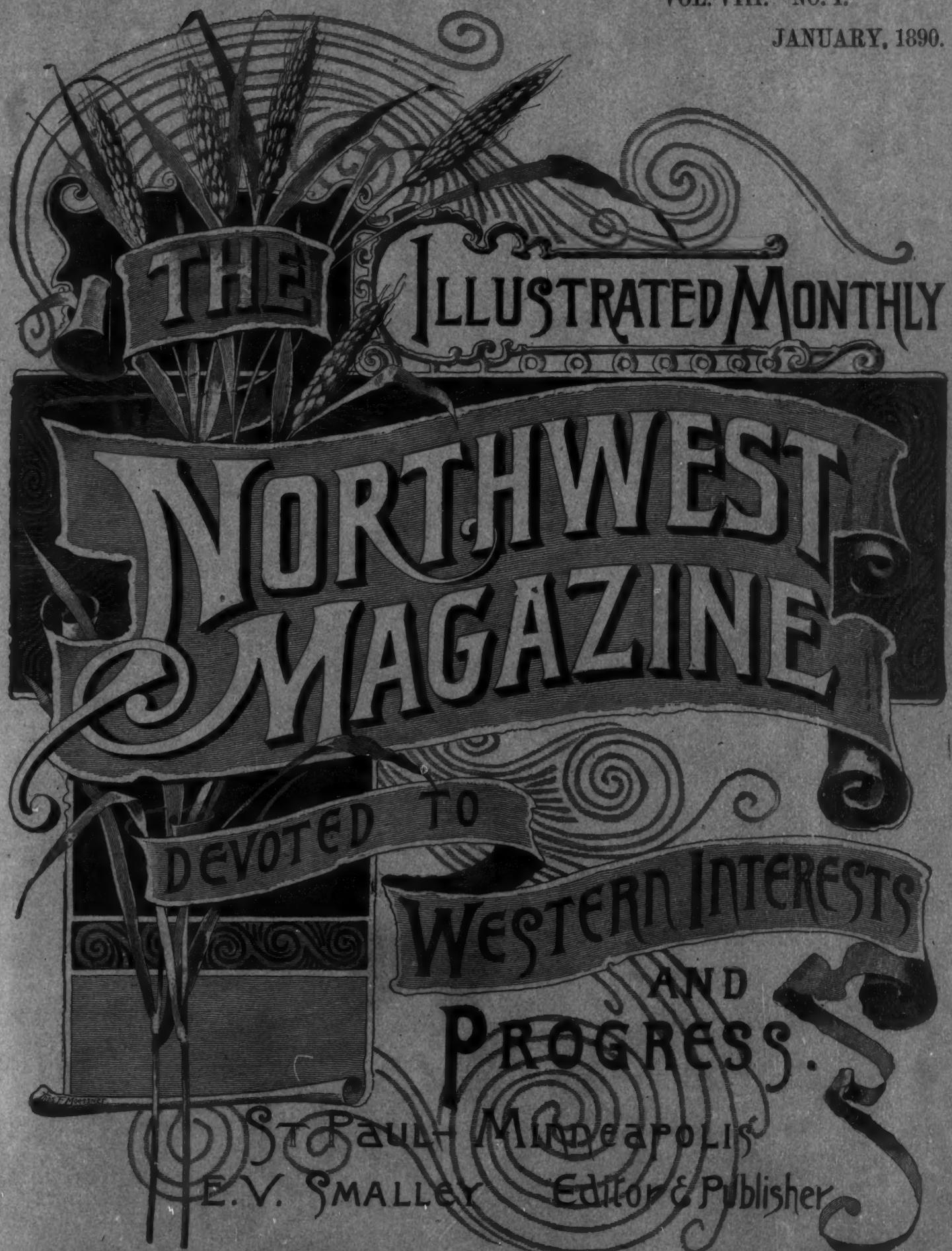
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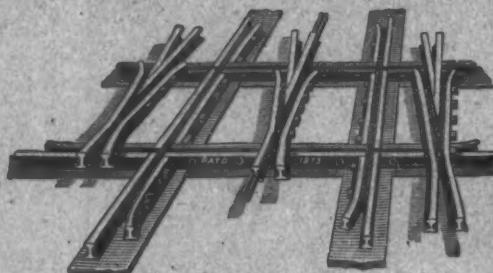
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## AN INDIAN'S DEATH WAIL.

It was a dark, stormy night in June, 1863, when I heard a most unearthly sound, resembling, somewhat the howling of a dog, though more shrill and more doleful; and leaving my office, which was then on the frontier, I strolled out over the deserted camp of our troops—just left for a campaign against the savages—and proceeding along in the darkness, followed the sound toward a friendly Indian lodge near by, where were the women and children of the scouts of the little army which was then on its way to chastise the Indians for their numerous misdeeds, committed in the year before. Again came that horrible, thrilling sound, electrifying my system and raising the hair on my head; but I kept on in the direction from whence it emanated, until I ran against the bayonet of one of our guards and heard the sudden challenge, "Who goes there?" In the excitement of the moment I forgot where I was, but soon regaining consciousness made myself known to the faithful soldier, passed the lines, and penetrated the almost impenetrable darkness, entered a dingy tepee, and then confronted two squaws, one of whom held in her arms a bundle and was swaying to and fro over the slowly burning embers of a few sticks of half-consumed wood, and ever and anon sending up one of the most mournful sounds ever heard from a human throat. It swept out into the beating storm like the incoming of a great wave from the ocean, which, when it has reached a given point, breaks, and then subsides into the element from which it came. Starting in a low, gurgling sound, this "death wail" ascended gradually higher and higher, until at last it culminated in a shrill break of a female voice, and then, before the sound had entirely ceased, it was taken up again by the other squaw; and so, during that long and stormy night it came, and broke, and went again, above the raging, tossing, soughing winds, the moanings of that Indian mother and her friend, over the little bones of the little child, encased in its little blankets that lay in its parent's arms. Above the raging elements I could hear the following sorrowful wail (translated from the Indian):

"Swing, swing, little one, lullaby;  
Thou'ret not left alone to weep;  
Mother cares for you—she is nigh;  
Sleep, my little one, sweetly sleep.  
Swing, swing, little one, lullaby;  
Mother watches you—she is nigh.  
Gently, gently, wee one swing;  
Gently, gently, while I sing—  
E-we-wa-wa—lullaby;  
E-we-wa-wa—lullaby."

To-morrow would see it pass away from her forever! Her grief was simple, pure, deep, unaffected. Neither of these mourners had noticed my intrusion, and so, knowing that I could do them no good, I went out into the darkness, threaded my way to and passed the guard, sought my office and my couch, and

dreamed all night of a golden-haired little girl whom I had left with her mother inside of the limits of civilization, and whose imaginative little prattle made me smile in my sleep, as I dreamed of home, of loved ones, and of friends. The Indians have a peculiar and very interesting custom of burying with their children all their little trinkets and playthings, believing that they will want them in the happy hunting ground beyond the river of death. They also have a custom of so preserving the bodies of their children after death, that they will appear natural for some time, and when this naturalness has disappeared, and the skin becomes drawn down tightly

and chanting a low, mournful sound, slowly wound up the hill to the plateau, and, in plain sight of the whole camp, deposited in the ground the body of their little darling, and then, affectionately bending over the little mound, and leaving food for the nourishment of the child on its journey, they kissed the soil and wended their way back again to their lonely lodge, to no longer hear the patter of the little feet, or the music of the little voice, or the clasp of the little hand, or the touch of the little lip, but to feel an unutterable, incomprehensible void in the aching heart, as much so to the Indian woman as to that of the white. I have mingled a great deal with the world since that dark, stormy night, but above the storm, borne on the wings of memory, comes back that terrible, hideous, unearthly scream known as the "Death Wail."

T. M. NEWSON.

## DANCING GIANTS OF THE DESERT.

Curious atmospheric conditions of the deserts and high plateaux of certain seasons of the year produce strange phenomena but little understood except by persons who have long lived in those regions. The dry weather in Nevada has produced a host of giant dancers there. Formerly they appeared only in the spring, the Peranegat and Humboldt valleys being their great rendezvous. Now they are down in Lyon County, far to the southwest.

"These dancing giants, or waltzing sand-augers," said Judge Kelly of Pioche, "are puzzlers to all scientists. How they brace up and hold together so long is what gets me. On a quiet, sunny day you see a little handful of sagebrush soar aloft on a light breeze. Some more joins it, until it is as big as your hat and then your body, and then sand and rocks and soil by the bushel begin to roll into the mass from the ground, ascending upward like a column. It is soon as big as a telegraph pole, and all the time gaining, and ere long its top may be reaches 100, maybe 500 feet. While you are watching this one probably three or four others will spring up, or a half-dozen will come waltzing down from the upper end of the valley, having traveled probably twenty-five miles and torn up the soil like a steam plough in their waltzing and zig-zagging. These are some of the things I saw last week ten miles below Pioche. Horses sniff the air and get wild when they see them. The augers tear up the hillsides, smash houses like a cyclone and suck up men like waterspouts. Then when they have spent their force, quit sashaying and have lost their cohesive powers, they go all to pieces in as strange a way as they were formed, and there is nothing but a pile of sand, sagebrush, stone, loose boards and what not, to tell what they once were. Strange things, these dancing giants."



A PEAK OF THE ROCKIES.

over the features, then a night is set apart for the "death wail," and the next day the little one passes out of their sight, and with it all its tiny possessions, wrapped up together, sometimes the body to be elevated in the air on poles, as protection against wild beasts, and sometimes to be buried in the earth beyond human vision forever! The morning after the occurrence to which I have alluded, two lone women moved out from their humble wigwam, carrying the bones of the dead child,

## CHRISTINE'S CHRISTMAS.

BY FLORA PIKE GATES.

"Just come here Ed Weston, and listen to what this letter says! Don't stop to unhitch your horses! Do tell me what to do!"

"Well, well, Kate, what's the matter? Somebody left you a pile of money, or is the President of the United States coming this way?"

"Well, I am in no mood for fun, I tell you, for somebody's coming for a visit, and I don't know what I'm going to do. It's brother Will, who is a book-keeper in New York. It seems he is going to be married next week. They are coming West for their wedding trip, and will stop and spend a week with us. I don't see how I can get ready for them. I'm driven to death with work now and the house looks horrid. There's lots of fixing up to do before our company comes. I hate to have Will ashamed of the way we live, but I don't see where there is a minute's time to do anything, with three hands to keep, and those two extra men, who will be at work on the barn, and my butter and milk from seven cows, and the baby getting his second tooth; Well, you can stand there and laugh if you want to. That's all a man knows about what a woman has to do. I believe I'll have to write and tell them not to come," and Mrs Weston sat down on her doorstep, looking very much as though she were going to cry.

"Oh don't feel that way, Kate," responded her big, good natured husband, who really was as much worried over the situation as she was, but took good care not to show it. "Of course Will must come. I know you want to see each other after being separated for five years."

At this the woman broke down completely. The five years of married life in Dakota had been happy, busy ones, but there are times when the longing to see one's own is greater than the average woman can bear; and now when the desired event seemed at hand, the longing to see her brother and the thought of her troublesome position, both taken together, brought the heaviest storm of tears her husband had ever witnessed.

He waited until she grew calm and then sat down by her side to talk the matter over. Their farm containing a section of land was situated ten miles from the town of D—, on the Northern Pacific Railroad. The other farms in the neighborhood were large ones, and the houses some distance apart. There was a great scarcity of hired help in the country and not for love or money had Mrs. Weston been able to get a girl for that summer season.

"I don't believe we can get a woman," said Mr. Weston after a few moments meditation, "but there's plenty of tramps around. Perhaps I might find a man who could do kitchen-work."

"A man, indeed," said his wife. "I have had experience with the housework of one man and that is enough. Water splashed on the floor, wood in the wrong place, milk pail washed out with the floor cloth, feet in the oven when a cake is baking,—Yes, I'll hire a man and another to wait on him; for I never saw a man try to do work in the house yet, but he was ten times more bother than he was worth." And with that parting thrust, she went in the house to care for the waking baby.

"Well, Kate's mad sure enough," thought her husband. "I never saw her in such a turmoil before, but I don't know as I can blame her any. She has stood the hard work without much complaint, and I suppose I've made a dreadful muss, when I have tried to help her."

What to do, was in Kate Weston's mind all that long afternoon and her sunny face wore a cloud of trouble. About five o'clock she saw, approaching the house, a caravan of white-topped emigrant wagons. They stopped in front of the door and one man came to her and in broken English inquired the way, and asked leave to stop and water their stock. While they were waiting, a sudden thought entered her mind and she ran out to the road.

Addressing the occupants of the first wagon she

said, "Are you going far from here, and is there not one girl or woman among you who could stay and live with me? I need help so much and I will give good wages and a good home. Is there not one of you who is alone and can stay and help me?"

The ones to whom she spoke did not seem to understand her, but a round-faced young woman, with a black shawl on her head, looked out of the next wagon and said: "Maybe Christine stay."

Christine was soon summoned and came forward to meet the lady. She was a tall fair looking girl, with the flaxen hair and blue eyes generally possessed by Sweden's lassies. She had an appearance of strength and a friendly face, though her eyes were sad and her whole appearance somewhat dejected, as though she had seen great trouble.

Mrs. Weston did not stop long to notice her peculiarities. She saw that the girl could do the work and asked her kindly.

"Will you stay with me, Christine, if you have no friends to keep you? I need help and will be good to you."

"I tank I stay ved Missis," she briefly answered. "I like here. Dey goes Was'ton Ter'ty," pointing to the wagons. "I like not go so far. I stay een Dakota vork for Missis, Missis vant me."

So it was settled and without more words, the baggage of the Swede girl was unloaded and she was established in the household.

When Ed Weston came in from work, a tall light haired girl was getting supper, and little dark haired Kate was busy with a smiling face, taking the tacks out of the sitting-room carpet. Christine proved to be very efficient help and the house was soon in good order for the expected guests.

Brother Will and his wife arrived in due time and seemed to enjoy every moment of their visit. The bride remarked, that she had no idea there were so many things of interest to be seen in the West, and expressed herself as very thankful that they had chosen the Western trip instead of a tour across the ocean.

"Carrie is so very enthusiastic, that I expect you will see her every summer," added Will laughingly.

"Well, I certainly am pleased," answered Carrie. "Your large farm with its fertile fields, machinery and stock is quite a revelation to me, who have seen only the narrow, hilly New England farms, that are like market gardens compared with this Western ranch. I have breathed more pure air in a week here, than I ever did during a whole season in a stifling Newport hotel. I am going to advise all my friends to take a trip to North Dakota and summer out on a prairie farm. It won't take three months to prepare an expensive set of summer dresses, and that will be a real blessing to some dear girl friends of mine. If it can only be regarded as the thing to come to Dakota, you will have all your farm-houses full."

After her friends had left again, Kate had a rather lonesome time, but there was plenty of work to drive the blues away, and she was daily more thankful for the presence of Christine.

The strong, quiet girl took all the hard work on herself, and Mrs. Weston often remarked to her husband, that she only felt about half as tired at night, as she did before Christine came.

They were both troubled, however, because the girl always seemed so sad. She never laughed, she seldom smiled. Her great ambition seemed to be to get all the work she could into one day.

When urged by her mistress not to do so much for fear she would be sick, she said: "I like work hard. Ven I work, I not tank so mooch. It no hurt Christine for work. Missis tak care baben."

The beautiful crop was harvested, threshed and gathered into the granary. The fall plowing of 400 acres was completed, the machinery covered, the stock warmly sheltered, and all things made ready for the cold Dakota winter. Mrs. Weston planned to give a Christmas party and invite all the neighbors.

There was a great deal of work to be done and the preparations for the joyful event went on speedily. All that marred the anticipation of the festivities was

the continued sadness of the Swedish girl, who grew more dejected as Christmas drew near and one night, Mrs. Weston heard her sobbing nearly the whole night long.

She resolved to induce Christine to tell her trouble, and when she found her crying in the kitchen the next morning, she said very gently, "Christine what is the matter? Why do you feel so sad? Are you lonesome? Do you want to go back to your mother in Sweden? or is it something else. Tell me and let me help you."

"Oh, Missis, I haf some great trouble, I like not tell him to Missis. Maybe Missis send me vay, eet ees de Christmas mak me cry. I not vant Christmas for come. Oh, eet ees not same last Christmas een ole country. I happy den. Oh, I vish never for see Christmas gen." And the poor girl buried her face in her apron, with a flood of tears.

"Christine dear," gently replied Mrs. Weston. "You need not fear to tell me your trouble. I will not send you away. I think you might feel better to tell me. Why did you leave Sweden. Did you have friends in Chicago?"

"Oh Missis, I only von friend in Chicago and I cannot him see some more, and he cannot me see any at all. Oh, mine Hans, I cannot you see, Oh I love you, Oh I vish for die. I not can happy be at all. My man in some prison ees now."

They were silent for a minute and Christine continued. "I tank I tell Missis everyting. I gets so lonesome. I tells you and you knows vat for, I cries so mooch. "Yar go Christmas vas my married day een ole country. Ve have some big wedding. Every body come to him. Eet vas all lofely and happy vas everybody. Den een vekk ve goes to America. Hans and me. Ve so happy vas. Oh, anybody not love more, Hans love me and I love Hans, and ve comes to America lone, and leave dere ole folks. Dey gone wait till ve sends some moneys, for come leev ved us. Ven ve gets here, ve comes to Chicago. Hans he tank he mak some moneys, get reech. I like for mak some moneys but I say farm better. Hans say not get reech on farms, so ve leevs een city. Hans he get work een shop, work hard for get tings eat, no mooch money at all, but noug, and all happy. Den bad man gets Hans drunk von time, two time. I say not for go ved bad mans. Hans say, 'He all right.'

"Den one night, Hans drunk gen. Somebody stole moneys from Boss. Next day Hans drunk een saloon. Man find pocket-book een Hans box tools, find one money een Hans pocket. Tak Hans prison. I know Hans no steal. I go him see. He say. 'Oh Christine, I sorry for go ved bad mans, get drunk, but I not steal, I knows noddings bout money. Vat I do.' I goes see lawer. I see yuge, I say, 'Hans not steal at all.' They laughs. I see bad man, he say he knows not anyting bout de moneys, but I know he steals him and make all tank Hans steals him. I not can do anyting for Hans, ved not some money. Hans go prison seven yar. He tell to me. 'Christine, go to Sweden back. You never want Hans some more. Every body tank he bad. You be happy home gen ved mutter.' So I say, 'Maybe I go,' but I not go at all. I love my Hans. I know he gude. He likes drinks but he not steal any moneys. He say he more happy eef I go Sweden, so I say, yes, but I come to here. I work hard and save moneys for Hans, ven he come prison out. Now Missis know vy I cries for Christmas come. I vish for see Hans, I not can him see any. Oh eef ve had leev on farms. Oh, I tank I die fore I get see him. Seven yar so long for vait. Missis maybe not vant Christine, ven man een some prison ees."

Mrs. Weston comforted Christine as well as she could and counseled her wisely. She told her it would do no good to be so down hearted and that Hans would wish her to try and be happy.

The fact of having confessed her trouble helped the girl wonderfully and, though it was evident that she took no enjoyment in the preparations for the holiday, there were no more nights of sobbing, and she went about her work in the same calm, sad way as at first.

Two days before Christmas, Mrs. Weston went to D—to make some very necessary Christmas purchases, taking Christine with her and leaving the baby at home with her husband.

The shopping took longer than she expected, as every woman knows it always does, and after they started home, she thought of a friend whom she had forgotten to invite to the party, she decided to go around by her house, as there was a road from there across the prairie to the Weston farm. Mrs. Weston had been around that way once before and was sure that she would have no trouble in finding the road; and the country was so level that she could see their own red barn from the home of her friend, though they were six miles apart. It was after four o'clock, when she had finished her call and started for home.

In the meantime, a light snow had commenced to fall, and the skies were over clouded. The autumn in Dakota had been very mild and the ground was still bare; but mother Nature had evidently made up her mind to prepare for a winter Christmas; and soon the light snow-storm changed into a thick cloud of falling flakes.

Kate Weston was somewhat dismayed, but urged the horse on, hoping to reach home before dark.

The snow fell faster and faster and before they had gone three miles, the prairie was covered and it was impossible to see the road in front of them, which was but a dim trail across the grass at its best. Christine now got out and walked before the buggy and by watching the track made by the wheels, they were able to keep the path for some distance. They soon came to some new breaking about forty feet wide. After crossing this, it was impossible to find the trail again. It was now quite dark and they concluded to let the horse take his own course, trusting to his good horse sense to lead them safely home. They plodded on for awhile and Mrs. Weston began to hope she should soon see signs of home, when she suddenly uttered an exclamation of dismay, remembering that the horse had been purchased only the week before from a farmer living twenty miles in a southerly direction, and if left to himself, would doubtless make tracks for his former home. At this thought, Mrs. Weston was completely discouraged. It was now Christine's turn to be comforter. "Oh Missis not feel bad" she said. "Eet not very cole. I tank ve no freeze dees night; maybe ve find some hay stack, go sleep; maybe ve runs in house fore long time."

Sleep was a very remote desire to Kate Weston. She was glad it was not very cold, but the thought of not freezing did not take away the thought of her baby, who she feared would cry all night for her, and how anxious poor Ed would be, and what could he do to find her, as he would not dare to leave the baby alone.

There was nothing to do but to travel on, and keep a sharp look out in all directions for some light or sign of human habitation. After another hours ride in the snowy darkness, the horse made a sudden halt. On alighting, the women found themselves in a small hollow, with a bank of earth before them, which, on examination, proved to be the railroad track. This discovery was a relief. They could not be certain whether they were east or west of D—, but by riding along close to the track, they would certainly reach some station before morning.

They were debating what direction to take, when suddenly a shrill whistle broke upon the still air and a bright eye of fire shone through the darkness. It was the Western express on its swift eastern course. On it rushed, with the speed of a meteor, looking like some demon advancing on its prey. There was no time to take seats in the buggy and, instinctively both women sprang to the horse's head to prevent him from running away. On came the noisy monster, sending the snow in billows from the iron track.

The horse, all unused to the awesome sight, raised his head in terror at the approaching train, and as the light drew nearer and the noise became more terrible, he suddenly leaped from their grasp, with a force that nearly threw the women to the ground, and

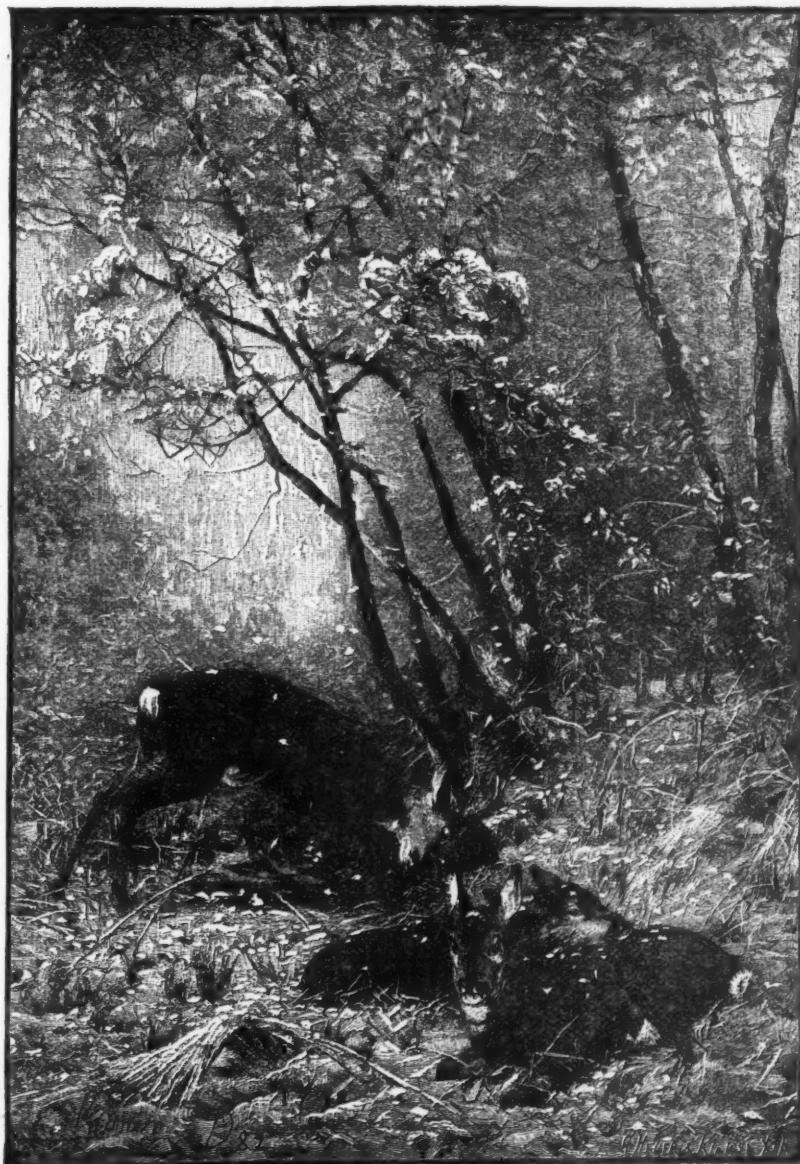
horse and buggy disappeared upon the broad prairie.

The train flew by with its glimpse of warm lighted coaches and happy human faces, leaving Christine and Kate alone again, in the black night and the ever increasing snow-drifts.

The women stood silent, gazing after the receding train. In a few minutes, they heard another whistle longer than the first. "I think I know where we are," said Mrs. Weston, "but I am not certain. The train always whistles twice just before it reaches D., and we may be only a short distance from there. We must walk along on the track, for our horse was so frightened, that he is probably miles away by this time." The whip and lap-robe had fallen from the buggy and they picked these articles up and carried them along. Their adventures had

track, threw down the robe on the snow, saying as she did so; "You see here still. Tramp no you see. I talk to tramp find vay. I no afraid. Tramp tooch me, I him trow in snow-bank down;" and before Mrs. Weston could say a word, the girl was back on the track to meet the man. Kate stood still, half terrified and half ashamed of herself, listening eagerly in the direction Christine had vanished. She heard voices but could not distinguish any words, when suddenly Christine gave a scream, that Mrs. Weston, in her fearful state of mind, interpreted as a sign of danger.

Without stopping to think longer of her own fears, she seized the whip and ran toward the track. When she could see them through the falling snow, it was evident that the man had his hand on Christine's



IN WINTER WOODS.

put Kate in a merrier mood, and she declared that she hardly knew whether to laugh or cry. "At any rate," she said, "If we sleep in the snow, we can cover ourselves with the lap-robe and use the whip to drive away the prairie wolves. It is lucky there are no tramps around this time of year."

"I tank I like see man tramp," said Christine. "He find for us vay home maybe." At this moment Kate Weston grasped her companion's arm, exclaiming, "Hush, look there, what is it? Oh, its a man coming right toward us! A tramp, too! See his bundle! Come off the track quick! Let him go by without seeing us. Its a terrible place to meet a tramp off here alone. Come quick! Christine took her mistress by the arm and leading her a short distance from the

arm, and Kate raised her whip ready to lay it about his head shouting: "Go away you bad man, let that girl alone. Go away or I will hit you!" The blow was just about to descend upon the head of the offending tramp, when amazement rendered her hand powerless. For her brave Christine, instead of throwing down the wicked tramp, had actually put both arms about his neck and was clasping him with all her might.

As she saw Mrs. Weston standing there whip in hand, she broke into a hearty laugh. "Oh, I tank Missis not whip dees tramp. I take care him. Oh, I happy. I care not for lost, ven find Hans. He not go vay gen. Ve all togedder live. He no steal money. Tell me Hans." And forthwith they began

to talk eagerly to each other in their own language, walking on hand in hand, while Mrs. Weston gathered up the lap-robe and followed on behind, very glad for Christine and much relieved at the turn events had taken.

After walking about a mile they reached the town of D—. The storm had lessened and in another hour the stars came out and the snow ceased falling. Mrs. Weston secured a team from a friend and they immediately started for home, reaching the farm-house about four in the morning, when they found Mr. Weston just starting out to find them, with the baby warmly wrapped up lying asleep in the cradle, which was placed in the wagon box.

There was a happy meeting all around. Christmas day was fair and bright and the party at the farm was an entire success.

Christine appeared like a different woman entirely. She went about her work laughing merrily and talking to her husband in their own tongue, while he sat all day by the table in the kitchen, with a continuous broad smile on his countenance and his eyes resting happily upon his wife.

The man, who had exercised such an evil influence over Hans, was caught in the act of stealing from his employer, and the evidence given at the trial proved conclusively that he was also guilty of the former robbery, and the innocent man was immediately released.

Learning that Christine had gone with friends to Washington Territory and being without means to pay his passage, he had started to travel the long distance in tramp style; and if it had not been for that accidental meeting in the snow storm, his search would have extended through many weary days.

The Christmas guests were very much interested in the young couple and deeply moved by the story of their troubles.

Every one present gave them a merry Christmas greeting and expressed a desire that they would settle down in the neighborhood.

Mrs. Weston felt that she could not part with Christine and it was decided that both should stay and work on the farm.

They remained there during the winter and following summer and the next fall, with their united earnings, they purchased a piece of land ten miles to the north, and commenced making a home for themselves.

The next Christmas Hans and his wife were again at Mrs. Weston's, bringing baby Hans with them. There were many merry jokes about the former Christmas days of their married life, but when Christine was alone with her friend, she said: "One time I tell Missis I not like have Christmas ever come gen, now I say Christmas always be best day in year. Oh I so glad I came to Dakota work for Missis. I so glad and Hans glad too, dees leetle boy not in city live, grow up to be a bad boy. We mak him good boy here. Hans he write to ole country back, tell all peoples dere come to Dakota for live. He not vant dem go bad city for get moneys. He say all everybody more happy be ven live on farms."

A Pullman sleeper conductor: "Everybody who wants a berth in a sleeper wants a lower berth. I have been in the employ of the company for fourteen years, and I have never yet had an application for an upper berth. Of course, the upper is not so easy of access as the lower, but if you don't mind climbing to the upper berth you will at once admit, after the night is over that it is the more comfortable of the two. The ventilation is better, and you are not so close to the rumbling noise. You are more private than you are in the lower berth, and in case of accident you have a chance of coming out on top. In hot weather the top berth is cooler than the lower. The lower berth, as you know, is made up from the cushioned seats, which are of warm material. I have never known a man to fall out of an upper berth. I think if the company would make a difference of half a dollar in favor of the upper berth it would soon be in demand. But I believe the Pullman Company will never make any difference in the charges."

### CHRISTMAS IN THE MINES.

A Story by "Uncle Bill."

'Twas Christmas eve in Rocky Bar,  
In far away Idaho,  
An' the moon shone bright, as did the stars  
Upon the pines and snow.  
Rocky Bar, wuz ez good a camp  
Ez eny in its time,  
An' it paid pretty ez with sluice and stamp  
Ez eny you could find.  
This Christmas eve I speak about  
Wuz the winter of '73,  
An' the "boys" could well afford to shout  
For they hed dust, ye see.  
Ole Tom an' I an' Bill Devine  
Lived near the great big flume;  
Ole Tom would make the dishes shine  
An' Bill an' I the room.  
We were sitting near the big log fire,  
Thinking of days long past,  
When Tom hitched up a little nigher  
An' broke the spell at last—  
"We've plenty of money an' lots of grub,  
An' the day 'll be pretty long,  
Let's have a feast an' the little jug,  
Sum stories an' a song."  
So Bill an' I, we all agreed  
To hav a grand ole dinner,  
An' hev a regular ole time feed  
For saint ez well ez sinner.  
Wile ole Tom wuz telling of the times  
When he wuz but a tot—  
I think twus the year of '29—  
Just then that came a knock;  
Then Tom he quit an' sez, "come in,"  
An' I went tu the door,  
An' I opened her wide for I thought it Jim,  
The keeps the miner's store.  
Wal sir, thar stood a bundle of clothes,  
A leetle cute lookin' thing,  
An' all I could see wus her pert leetle nose  
And something that looked like a ring.  
I bid her "come in an' sit by the fire,"  
She entered the room like a queen,  
An' Tom flew aroun' like a venerable sire,  
Ez he hung her things up on the screen.  
She said she wuz lost; she took the wrong track,  
They tolle her down at the store,  
An' she'd warm an' rest then go right back  
An' tackle the snow drifts once more.  
Then ole Tom he sez rather perlighly,  
"Can't we assist you, please?"  
With the boys we're acquainted slightly  
An' ef you git lost you'll freeze."  
Then she thanked us very kindly,  
But she hed the sweetest face  
Ez ever mortal looked upon  
In enny furrin place.  
Her eyes wuz like a coal of fire,  
With lashes long an' deep,  
Her cheeks were made but tu admire  
An' dimples plump an' sweet.  
She says, "I am the Kernal's wife,"  
An' old Tom he gev a start,  
"To reach this place I've endured great strife  
So please help me depart."  
Then Tom he sez, quite father-like,  
"Your husband's far away;  
You must not think tu start to-night,  
The journey ez meny a day,  
You'd hav tu cross the mountains high  
An' valleys filled wid snow;  
I'm sure he'd rather you'd stay by  
Hiz frens of long ago."  
He coaxed her like a leetle child  
And bid her not to weep,  
Related yarns of storms so wild,  
Then showed her whar tu sleep.  
When morning came he spoke again  
Of the storms along the slope,  
For ye see et gev him all the pain  
Tu tell her he'd eloped.  
Yes, the Kernal took to drink,  
Got running with a girl,  
Lost all he hed in a gambling sink,  
Then 'sloped with leetle Pearl.  
No one knew where ere he went,  
An' few of eny cared.  
We fel for the wife without a cent  
And the trip and hardships dared.  
We talked it over among our crew,  
We'd tell on the morrow,  
Our talk an' ways tu her wuz new,  
She' hev plenty of time fer sorrow.  
Well that Christmas day I'll not forget  
For she cooked up the dinner,  
An' the Kernal's presence she did regret,  
An' Bill wept like a sinner.  
Next morn old Tom he told her all—  
Poor thing I see her start—  
She leaned her head against the wall,

It must hav broke her heart.  
She stayed a few days longer  
To find out ef all were true,  
An' said that she wuz stronger  
An' moved in with Missis Drew.  
A few weeks after old Doc Brown  
Come a ridin' up the trail,  
Pronounced her sickness heart disease,  
Himself of no avail.  
She lingered till the May days,  
The year the water tore the flume,  
An' spoke of our kindness always  
An' our cozy cabin room.  
The largest funeral ever seen  
Wuz in Rocky Bar that day,  
We made her grave neath grasses green—  
"Her tenement of clay."  
So now you've heard my story  
Of our Christmas and mining life;  
She is in the "camp" of glory  
The poor heart-broken Kernal's wife.

J. TREMAINE KEEGAN.

### UNTIL WE MEET AGAIN.

I felt I must wander and see the world,  
While the pennon of youth was still unfurled,  
While life was yet fresh and my hopes were high;  
So I kissed my sweetheart and heard her sigh,  
"Till me meet again."

In the sunny land of the olive and vine,  
I looked into eyes that were bright as wine,  
But dark as the tresses that softly hung  
'Gainst my breast, as she said, and closer clung,  
"A rivederet."

Where the castled Rhine flows o'er rock and sand,  
I felt the soft touch of a gentle hand;  
Silky hair where sunbeams danced to and fro,  
Blue eyes that grew wet as she whispered low,  
"Auf wiedersehen"

O Paris! thy loves and thy wines are light.  
You've forgotten, ma belle with gray eyes bright,  
That we ever met. Tant mieux, ma mie!  
But the tears fell fast as you said to me,  
"Au revoir, mon coeur."

I am home again, and I yearn to see  
My sweetheart who's waited so long for me.  
Through the church-yard—yes, that's the shortest way—  
God! what's this? Her name, and four words, which say,  
"Till we meet again."

W. E. P. FRENCH.

### A TOAST.

Here's a health to thee and thine and a health to me and mine;  
A health to those that love us, to those we love a health.  
May we never know a dearth of the good things of this earth,  
Health, leisure, love and mirth and a share of modest wealth.

W. E. P. FRENCH.

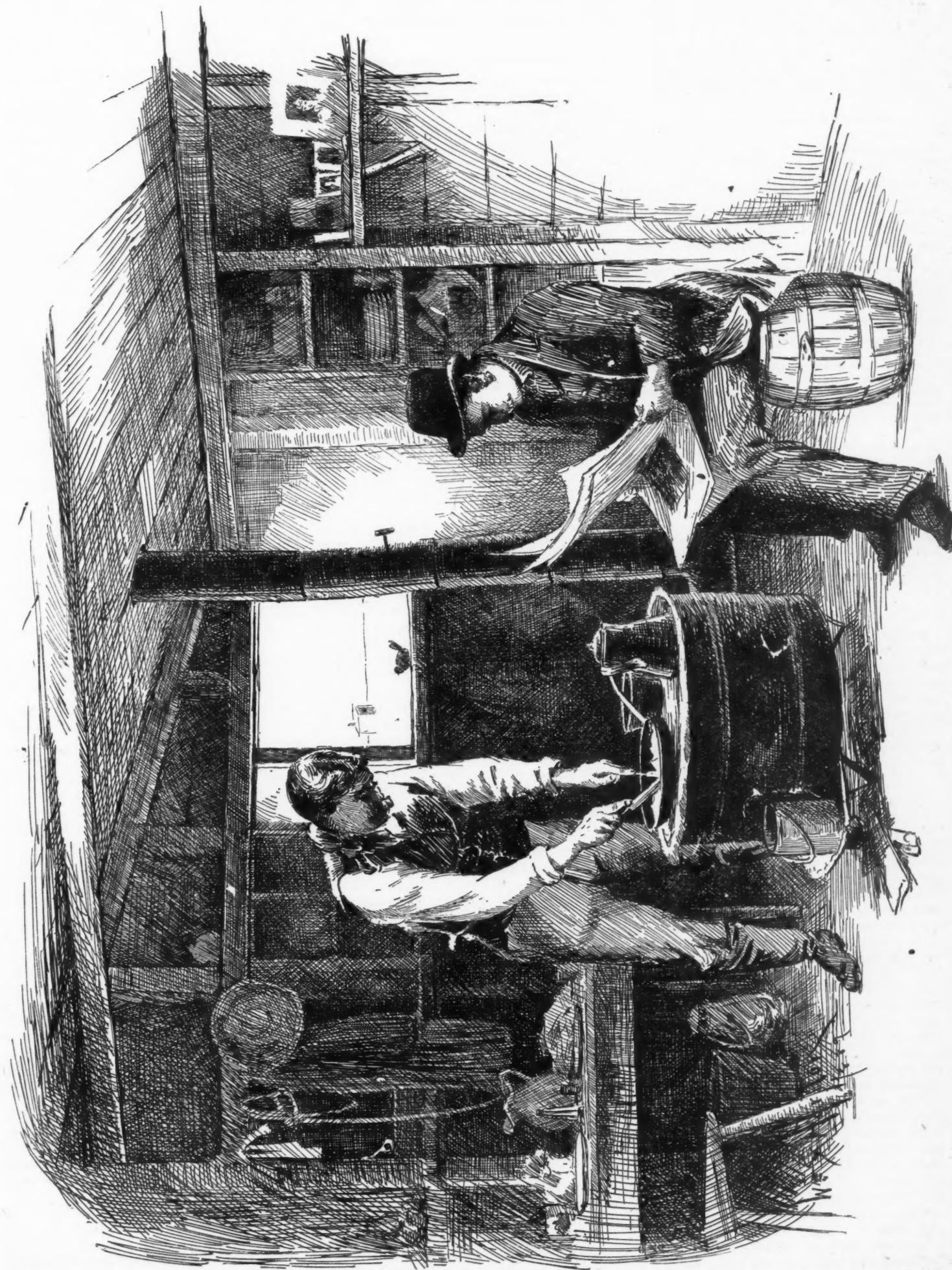
### BACHING IT IN THE WEST.

One of the commonest occurrences, when riding over the prairies, is to come across a little claim shanty, the door of which stands invitingly open. But no one seems to be about and from a plow up in one corner, a pair of boots in the middle of the floor, piles of dirty dishes and other mournful evidences of the lack of femininity, you conclude that the owner of the shanty is "baching it," in prairie parlance.

Perhaps it is some fellow who has told his best girl to wait for him until he can make a home for her in the far West; and what homes these best girls make when they come out to the wild prairies, bringing with them a hundred and one little refinements, and bringing them perhaps only to a sod shack, until they can build a more pretentious home! And few would chance to stop at such a home as this without catching some of the hopeful enthusiasm of its occupants.

In our drawing a couple of the 'boys' have come out and built shanties on adjoining claims, and one has just come from the post-office with the home paper, which he is reading, while the other is preparing a supper for two. And if the reader has ever experienced the prairie appetite he will appreciate the fact that little of that supper will be left.

W. M. S. HORTON.



BACHING IT IN THE WEST.



## THE SADDENED STOMACH.

Mr. Jinkins used to mention to his dear devoted m<sup>e</sup> How the pie his mother made him was the best he ever ate, And as how at gay Thanksgiving, in the merry days gone by, The delight of his young bosom was his mother's luscious pie. Mrs. Jinkins tried to please him, and all sorts of pains did take, But her pie was not as tempting as his mother used to make, And he only minced and nibbled, while in vain his wife did try To concoct as good a pastry as his mother's famous pie. Just to eat a piece of pie with all the long remembered charm, He returned one bright Thanksgiving to the old New England farm, And his heart was filled with rapture, and his spirits mounted high As he puckered up his visage for his boyhood's famous pie. But he found himself unable his Thanksgiving to enjoy With the same decided relish that he used to when a boy, And he left the feast half eaten, and admitted with a sigh, That the change was in his appetite and wasn't in the pie. He discovered that the pleasure of the great Thanksgiving fete Didn't hinge, the way it used to, upon the things he ate. And he couldn't leave the table with the same contented sigh, With his spirit full of rapture and his stomach full of pie.

J. W. REDINGTON.

## The Useful Hairpin.

A naughty exchange says there is scarcely anything a woman cannot do with a hairpin. They use it to pick their teeth, button shoes, clean finger nails, punch bedbugs out of cracks, fasten up stray bangs, clean out the stem of their husband's pipe, scratch their head, pick their toe nails, run into cakes to see if they are sufficiently done, and about one million other things that the poor deluded men know nothing about, and they do it all with one hairpin, too.

## An Electrical Shock.

Girls if your fellow stays too late when he comes "a courting," try this little game on him and see how nicely it works: Give him a pencil and paper with one of your sweetest smiles, and say: "Now make a row of eleven ciphers; now make a perpendicular mark downwards on the right of the first cipher; one upwards on the fourth; one downwards on the right of the fifth; upwards on the right of the seventh and eighth; one downwards on the tenth." Ask him to read what he has written. The effect is electrical.

## Poorly Ventilated Churches.

Most preachers, we fancy, says a religious newspaper, endure the bad ventilation of their churches with only silent protest. Not so Spurgeon and Beecher. Mr. Spurgeon, in a crowded house that was hot and filthy for want of air, and where the ushers were not able to open the windows, told them to break out panes enough of glass to let in God's pure, free air, and that he would settle the damages at the close of the services. Henry Ward Beecher once rebuked a people near Boston for not better ventilating their new town hall, in which he was lecturing. He said: "I never knew a tobacco chewer so filthy as to chew over another man's quid of tobacco, and yet you will sit here and breathe over and over again filthy air, simply because you do not see its vileness with your eyes." Nothing is more filthy, and few things more poisonous, than human breath in a concentrated form. Yet many churches have no pro-

vision for ventilation. We know a beautiful Methodist church that cost \$150,000, a splendid stone edifice, that has no means of ventilation except by raising and lowering the windows and opening the doors.

## Object Lessons in European Travel.

The friends of a pretty young girl in one of the suburban towns are telling, under their breath, the following story:

The young woman, who is noted for her pretty face and winning ways, rather than for her gift of mind, has just returned from a personally conducted tour of several months in Europe.

"And you visited Rome, of course," said a friend on her first morning call.

"Let me see," mused the young girl deeply, "did we visit Rome? Mamma, did we visit Rome?"

"Why, child, I don't just remember, but it seems to me that we did; let me see—"

"Oh, yes, mamma," broke in the daughter, "I know now, of course we did. Don't you remember Rome? Why, that was where we got those lovely cheap stockings!"

## About Chewing Gum.

"Chicle, as you may know, is the gum of the tobacco tree and is found only in Yucatan, where it is collected by the Indians and shipped to this country in a crude state. Fifteen years ago it was used only for luting machinery and could be bought in any quantity for three cents a pound. Adams, the New York tolu man, first discovered that it would make a good chewing gum and began to use it. It was shortly advanced to seventeen cents a pound and about five years ago the importers formed a combine and forced the price to twenty cents. The profits in tolu at the time were enormous. For a long time my factory yielded me fifty per cent. clear profit. There is a great loss refining the raw material. It comes in lumps about the size of a man's head and is brittle like camphor gum. It flows from the trees like sap and is caught by the natives in basins. In order to make it weigh more the Indians resorted to the trick of moulding it around stones or lumps of clay."

## Think of this, Bald Heads!

Dr. Saymonne claims to have isolated a bacillus, called by him "bacillus crinivorax," which is the cause of alopecia. It is, he says, found only on the scalp of men, other hirsute parts of the body and also the fur of animals being free of it. The bacilli invade the hair-follicle and make the hair very brittle, so that they break off to the skin. Then the roots themselves are attacked. If the microbe can be destroyed early in the disease, the vitality of the hair may be preserved, but after the follicles are invaded and all their structures injured the baldness is incurable. The following is Dr. Saymonne's remedy to prevent baldness: Ten parts crude cod liver oil, ten parts of the expressed juice of onions and five parts of mucilage or the yolk of an egg are thoroughly shaken together and the mixture applied to the scalp and well rubbed in once a week. This, he asserts, will certainly bring back the hair if the roots are not already destroyed, but the application of the remedy must be distressing to the patient's friends and neighbors.—*London Medical Record*.

## Uses of Coffee.

It is asserted by men of high professional ability that when the system needs stimulant nothing equals a cup of fresh coffee. Those who desire to rescue the drunkard from his cups will find no better substitute for spirits than strong, new-made coffee without milk or sugar. Two ounces of coffee, or one-eighth of a pound to one pint of boiling water makes a first-class beverage, but the water must be boiling, not merely hot. Bitterness comes from boiling it too long.

If the coffee required for breakfast be put in a granitized kettle over night and a pint of cold water poured over it can be heated to the boiling point and then set back to prevent further ebullition, when it

will be found that while its strength is extracted its delicate aroma is preserved. As our country consumes nearly ten pounds of coffee per capita it is a pity not to have it made in the best manner.

It is asserted by those who have tried it that malaria and epidemics are avoided by those who drink a cup of hot coffee before venturing into the morning air. Burned on hot coals it is a disinfectant for a sick room. By some of our best physicians it is considered a specific in typhoid fever.—*The Epicure*.

## The Earth is Increasing.

The earth, travelling in its orbit around the sun and onward with the entire solar system around some unknown and still greater centre of attraction, is constantly traversing new regions of space, which it depletes of meteoric dust and meteorites, thus steadily—no matter how slowly—increasing in diameter. Now let this growth continue till the earth has just twice the attractive power which it now possesses; we should then have twice the number of meteorites and double the quantity of dust falling annually upon it than now.

Fortunately for our heads the earth has not as yet attained very formidable dimensions, but we may look upon it as an established fact that it constantly gains in weight and that in proportion to such gain its attractive power steadily increases.

The attractive force of the sun is so enormous that a perpetual hail of meteorites and a torrent of dust particles must rush upon it from all directions and some of the foremost observers are now of opinion that these falling bodies are the sole cause of the sun's heat.

In the light of this theory our earth is a young and growing, not an old and dying planet, a planet with a future, which ought to be cheerful news to all of us, although we shall not live to reap the benefit of it; and the sun, far from being on its last legs as an expiring luminary, is steadily gaining in heat and lighting capacity.—*American Geologist*.

## Answers on Electricity.

How strong a current is used to send a message over an Atlantic cable?—Thirty cells of battery only. Equal to thirty volts.

What is the longest distance over which conversation by telephone is daily maintained?—About 750 miles, from Portland, Me., to Buffalo, N. Y.

What is the fastest time made by an electric railway?—A mile a minute by a small experimental car. Twenty miles an hour on street railway system.

How many miles of submarine cable are there in operation?—Over 100,000 miles, or enough to girdle the earth four times.

What is the maximum power generated by an electric motor?—Seventy-five horse power. Experiments indicate that 100 horse power will soon be reached.

How is a break in submarine cable located?—By measuring the electricity needed to charge the remaining unbroken part.

How many miles of telegraph wire in operation in the United States?—Over a million, or enough to encircle the globe forty times.

How many messages can be transmitted over a wire at one time?—Four, by the quadruplex system in use.

How is telegraphing from a moving train accomplished?—Through a circuit from the car roof inducing a current in the wire on the poles along the track.

What are the most widely separated points between which it is possible to send a telegram?—British Columbia and New Zealand, via America and Europe.

How many miles of telephone wire in operation in the United States?—More than 170,000, over which 1,055,000 messages are sent daily.

What is the greatest candle power of arc light used in a lighthouse?—Two million, at Houstholm, Denmark.

How many persons in the United States are engaged in business depending solely on electricity?—250,000.

How long does it take to transmit a message from San Francisco to Hong Kong?—About fifteen minutes, via New York, Canso, Penzance, Aden, Bombay, Madras, Penang and Singapore.

What is the fastest time made in sending messages by Morse system?—About forty-two words per minute.

How many telephones are in use in the United States?—About 300,000.

What war vessel has the most complete electrical plant?—United States man-of-war Chicago.

What is the average cost per mile of a transatlantic submarine cable?—About \$1,000.

How many miles of electric railway are there in operation in the United States?—About 400 miles, and much more under construction.

What strength of current is dangerous to human life?—500 volts, but depending on physical conditions.—*Scribner's Magazine*.

#### An Egg With Windows.

A French scientist who removed the shell on either side of an egg, without injuring the membrane, in patches about the size of the diameter of a pea, and snugly fitted the openings with bits of glass, gives the following report of the wonderful experiment: I placed the egg with the glass bull's eye in an incubator, run by clock-work and revolving once each hour, so that I had the pleasure of looking through and watching the change upon the inside at the end of each sixty minutes. No changes were noticeable until after the end of the twelfth hour, when some of the lineaments of the head and body of the chick made their appearance. The heart appeared to beat at the end of the twenty-fourth hour, and in forty-eight hours two vessels of blood were distinguished, the pulsations being quite visible. At the fiftieth hour an article of the heart appeared, much resembling a lace or noose folded down upon itself. At the end of seventy hours we distinguished wings and two bubbles for the brain, one for a bill, and two others for the forepart and hind-part of the head. The liver appeared at the end of the fifth day. At the end of 131 hours the first voluntary motion was observed. At the end of 138 hours the lungs and stomach had become visible, and four hours later the intestines, the loins, and the upper mandible could be distinguished. The slimy matter of the brain began to take form and become more compact at the beginning of the seventh day. At the 190th hour the bill first opened and flesh began to appear on the breast. At the 104th the sternum appeared. At the 210th hour the ribs had begun to put out from the back; the bill was quite visible as was also the gall bladder. At the beginning of the 236th hour the bill had become green, and it was evident that the chick could have moved had it been taken from the shell. Four hours more and feathers had commenced to shoot out and the skull to become gristly. At the 264th hour the eyes appeared, and two hours later the ribs were per-

fect. At the 331st hour the spleen drew up to the stomach and the lungs to the chest. When the incubator had turned the egg 335 times the bill was frequently opening and closing, as if the chick were gasping for breath. When 451 hours had elapsed we heard the first cry of the little imprisoned biped. From that time forward he grew rapidly, and came out a full-fledged chick at the proper time.

#### Fifty Years Ago.

Fifty years ago the population of the United States was only 17,697,420. The census cost the Government \$833,427. There were slaves in all the States except Maine, Massachusetts, Vermont and Michigan. Iowa had sixteen slaves, Wisconsin eleven, Ohio three, Indiana nine, Illinois 331; total in all the States and Territories was 2,486,238. Fifty years ago the first railroad-spike machine was put into use, making fifty a minute, forming both point and head.

Great Western, the first ocean steamships, entered New York Harbor on their return trip Nov. 1. Fifty years ago 1,000 reformed drunkards marched in procession at the first anniversary of the Washington Society. Fifty years ago a law was enacted against duelling in the District of Columbia. It grew out of the Cilly-Graves duel. Fifty years ago the Cherokee Indians were removed from Georgia and placed west of the Mississippi River. Fifty years ago was established the first commercial college in America, Comer's College of Boston. Fifty years ago the first patent was granted to Goodyear for vulcanized India-rubber goods. Fifty years ago a survey was made by John Baily for a canal across Central America. Fifty years ago John Ericsson was allowed letters patent on a steam propeller boat. Fifty years ago beet sugar was first made by David L. Child, of Northampton, Mass. Fifty years ago the banks in the United States resumed specie payment. Fifty years ago the Massachusetts Abolition party was organized. Fifty years ago wooden clocks had only been in use one year. Fifty years ago the daguerreotype was invented in France.

#### Wild Rice for Food.

The American *Agriculturist* says: "Attention is again being called to the value of wild rice (*zizania aquatica*) as an article of food, and it has been suggested that experiments be made to ascertain its adaptability for cultivation on wet lands. The late Elizur Wright, of Boston, for many years procured it from Minnesota for family use, preferring it to Carolina rice, because of its superior flavor. The Indians in our lake regions gather it by beating it off into their canoes, and dry it for use in winter." This plant has been too much neglected in Manitoba. It is found on Lake Winnipeg and the Lake of the Woods and is really more sweet and palatable than the rice of commerce. With a little pains the settlers around the small lakes could grow it in abundance. Lt. Col. Bedson, of Stony Mountain, Mr. Matherson, of the Hudson's Bay Co., Rat Portage, and others, have frequently bought it from the Indians and used it at their tables with perfect satisfaction. It is valuable



HE WAS USE TO COMPARTMENTS.

Fair Passenger (to Englishman traveling for the first time in America): "May I trouble you to remove your baggage? This I believe is my section—No. 8."

Englishman: "Aw—beg pawdon, but No. 8 is mine, ye know. The poatah gave it to me."

Fair Passenger: "Yes, but I have half of it."

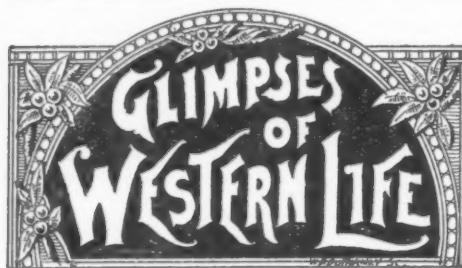
(Consternation of Englishman who wonders where the American peculiarities will stop.)

Henry Burden, of Troy, N. Y., was the inventor. It ranked among the best-paying inventions of modern times. Fifty years ago the Whig party held its first convention at Harrisburg, Pa., nominating General William Henry Harrison, of Ohio, as President of the United States. Fifty years ago Joseph A. Adams, for the first time, made use of the idea now embodied in the art of electrotyping by reproducing from wood-cuts. Fifty years ago the first power boom for weaving carpets was set in motion by E. B. Bigelow of Boston. Ten yards a day was its original capacity. Fifty years ago (1839), the first wheat was shipped from Chicago, amounting to seventy-eight bushels. It was sent eastward by the lakes to Buffalo. Fifty-one years ago the first fire steam-engine ever made was tested in New York. It was invented by Captain John Ericsson. Fifty years ago the Sirius and

also to the sportsman as a lure for wild fowl.

#### A Touch of Nature.

"A touch of nature," says Rev. Dr. Moody, "is a glorious thing," and the New York *Tribune* asks: "Doesn't the principle involved apply, in some degree at least, to agricultural students of land grant 'universities,' where field labor is ignored if not despised, and to experiment station professors, who, like Dundreary, 'never saw the country, 'pon honor' Boys who begin at sixteen and spend their lives till twenty-four in preparatory school, college and theological seminary, know no more of human nature than if they had dropped out of the moon. They are a good deal like the minister of whom his old Scotch parishioner said that he was invisible six days in the week and incomprehensible on the seventh. There is such a thing as being educated away from people. Train by actual contact and experience."



SINCE HE EDITS THE SHEET WITH A SAW.\*

I am seated to-day where I've oft sat before,  
And the scenes of the past are around me once more,  
The printers with measured and musical clicks,  
Keeping time with the type as it falls in their sticks.  
In the editor's chair sits a knight of the quill,  
Who has finished the grist of the newspaper mill,  
And is leaning complacently back in his chair  
With a satisfied newspaper-editor's air.

But the scissors and pastepot are quite discontent—  
One is crossed at its points and one boils in foment—  
Since, in spite of all precedent, honor and law,  
The newspaper clippings are made with a saw.

The last piece of copy is placed on the hook,  
And the "comps" take their "takes" with a satisfied look,  
The "devil" has pulled the last "dupes" for the day,  
The "strings" are passed in and the men get their pay.

The forms are locked up in a strong iron chase  
So snugly they cannot escape the embrace;  
On the press see them moving fast forward and back  
And the spotless white sheets coming through stamped  
in black.

The newsboys are scattered on many a street,  
And thousands of readers are scanning the sheet,  
And the articles many approve with "hurrah!"  
Are the ones that the editor wrote—with a saw.

May a song of content bless the editor's heart  
As he pads out the sheet with a dressmaker's art,  
The printers with measured and musical clicks  
Keeping time with the type as it falls in their sticks.

MATT. W. ALDERSON.

[\*Mr. Alderson's poem needs a word of explanation for the benefit of readers who do not know what editing with a saw means. Many country weeklies and small dailies buy what is called "plate-matter," consisting of stereotyped plates of miscellaneous reading, which the editor saws off in lengths required to fill up or piece out his columns.—ED. NORTHWEST MAGAZINE.]

Startling Typographical Error.

A Walla Walla *Statesman* printer, substituting penitentiary for territory, made an item read as follows, which the proof-reader over-looked, and which came out in the paper as it was set up: "W. O. Bush, member of the legislature from Thurston County, has been forty-five years in the penitentiary." The printer and proof-reader are in hiding.

Thirty-Eight Years Old.

Seattle was founded thirty-eight years ago, by some thirty or forty men who went there in the schooner *Exact*, which had been chartered by a party of California miners to go to Alaska. These young men were landed at Alki point and went to the site of Seattle, which was then an Indian settlement, and mainly a dense forest. The *Post-Intelligencer* says the only members of that pioneer party now living in Seattle are Arthur A. Denny and Mr. John Alexander. It was rather a gloomy winter for the few settlers, but they got through all right and the growth of Seattle ever since has been a healthy, and part of the time a remarkable one.

A Complicated Marriage.

A double marriage was celebrated in Omaha the other day. Both couples had been married to each other once before and had afterwards intermarried between themselves, and a third double marriage restored them to their normal married condition. It seems that the two young couples settled down in the same neighborhood and commenced house-keeping and soon became very intimate. Finally the husband

in one family and the wife in the other became jealous and accused their respective spouses of being too intimate with each other.

They made it so hot for the accused ones that the suspected lady went back to her mother and the husband down at the other house packed himself up and slid out for Kansas. The deserted complainants then applied for divorces, got them, and proceeded immediately to marry each other for consolation. Then the runaways drifted together and were married in their turn. About a year after, each of the parties to the new contracts cooled off and found that the last marriages were incompatible, and they were again divorced.

Now the original pairs have been reunited, and to show there is no malice they were married in the same house, at the same date, by the same clergyman, and made a good time of it together. It was a Nebraska reunion.

Actor and Horse Breeder.

A curiosity among theatrical advertisements is the following clipped from the *San Francisco Music and Drama*:

BANDMANN,  
IMPORTER AND BREEDER OF PERCHERONS;  
ALSO ACTOR.  
PERMANENT ADDRESS: BANDMANN RANCH,  
MISSOULA, MONTANA.

During Mr. Bandmann's stay in Duluth two weeks ago he inveighed to me fiercely on the tendency of the times to drag down the Shakespearean plays to the level of such degrading scenes as *Natural Gas*, *The Rag Baby* and all that ilk. Said he: "It is all sickening to a man that loves that classic, Shakespeare. I can't get a house in competition with them; no legitimate actor can, unless he adopts their ways. I would rather live with my Percherons than play before such people. That's why I started a horse ranch."—*Duluth Herald*.

A Bear Story.

On last Thursday night Robert Turner, living on Green River, about three miles from Slaughter, had a novel experience with a bear and a hog, and one that he will not soon forget. About twelve o'clock at night, as the old man lay slumbering peacefully in his humble cabin, he was suddenly awakened by the most horrible din that could be imagined, and he thought Hades had broken loose for certain. Before his eyes were fairly open, the cabin door was burst open with a terrible crash, and in jumped "Bob's" favorite sow, closely followed by a big black bear. The porker ran behind some barrels, standing in the cabin, upsetting them and spilling their contents on the floor. Bruin seemed to pay no attention to "Bob" who stood on his bed trembling and white with fright, but was after hog meat, and was bound to have it if possible. Finally after upsetting everything in the cabin and causing it to look as though a hurricane had visited it the sow ran out of doors, closely followed by its pursuer. After getting out on the outside, Mr. Turner heard another agonizing squeal from his swine and then all was still. Supposing of course that he would have no pork for Christmas, the old gentleman went out next morning to view the remains, but strange to say the sow was ready for her breakfast, all the damages sustained being the loss of one ear. Uncle "Bob" informed his friends afterwards that he could almost imagine the bear's sharp teeth entering his flesh, and being a very old man, he has yet hardly recovered from his severe fright.

Finding Jim.

The search began in May and ended in November. It was made within the four walls of a country newspaper office and through the medium of its exchanges.

I first heard of Jim when one May afternoon, the doors and windows being open and the copy rustling in the breeze, a bent, white-haired settler entered the *Weekly Palladium* office.

"You paper fellers git each others' papers, s'pose?" he asked timidly.

"Yes, sir; we exchange with one another."

"Could ye let a person see some er yer papers? I'd pay for it," he added, as if afraid of asking too much.

"Oh, that will be all right," I replied as I piled fifty or more exchanges before him.

"Ye see I'm lookin' for Jim," my visitor said, apologetically, as he was adjusting his steel-bowed spectacles. "Jim's my son. We come west two years ago an' took up a claim. 'Twas pretty hard work I know, an' Jim was high strung. Bein' the baby of the fam'ly he hed him petted an' workin' come hard on him."

"Did he run away?" I queried.

"No that's the worst of it; I drove 'im away, I got mad at 'im one day 'cause he wouldn't mind, an' told 'im ter clear out. He went, an' I ain't seen 'im since. I'm thinkin' I'll find somethin' of 'im in the papers—you fellers seem ter write up everythin'."

With that he began to look through the local columns of the journals before him. It was an hour before he had finished his task and laid by the last one with a sigh.

"I'll look ag'in next week," he said sadly.

The next week and the next he was there, each time chatting with me and revealing more of the longing for a chance of reparation for his harshness.

All through the hot summer months he was faithful to his task, and I, too, began to feel an interest in the missing boy and looked for his name in the various papers that went through my hands.

October with its Indian summer had gone. The prairies had taken on their robes of brown, and nightly the prairie fires gleamed in a ragged line at the far horizon. Then November. On the third Saturday my visitor came through a bitter blustering wind, and his hands looked white and pinched with cold. The tears dimmed his glasses as he took up his task as usual. He had gone about half through the pile of papers when he suddenly straightened up, brushed the page out smooth and fixed his eyes intently upon it. He handed the paper to me and I read:

"A stranger giving his name as James Meserve was found in the depot this morning, sick. He is scarcely more than a boy, but seems to have had hard lines. He says he has friends in Kansas, but will not give their names. He was taken to the Merchants' Hotel, where he is being cared for by the city authorities."

The paper was published in a small city in Northern Iowa, and was dated three days previous.

"I've found him!" ejaculated the father gladly. "I'm goin' ter get him!" That night he left for his son's side, and in a week the two alighted from the train, the father joyous and happy, the son pale and emaciated.

As they rode over the prairie toward the old man's claim, he called back to me: "Come out an' see us?"

I did so shortly afterward; and as we sat up to the well-supplied table, though our chairs rested on the bare earth and the walls of a dug-out were around us, I found as happy a host as presided in any place in the land.

The old man bent his white head and in fervent tones thanked the giver of all good for the return of his boy, in such words as only the full heart can prompt.

Glancing to one side I saw tears drop from Jim's eyes.

The lost boy was found in more senses than one.—*Detroit Free Press*.

A Plot for a Novel.

A gentleman in this city tells a story that would do credit to many fictitious tales. "Truth is stranger than fiction" has been quoted so often that it is almost threadbare, but, like "Home, Sweet Home," it will never lose its significance or forfeit its truth. Very applicable is it to the present wonderful story:

Down in the Willamette Valley there resided an old farmer and his wife, in every sense of the word happy and contented and withal well-to-do. But there came upon that household a very great grief; the death angel visited it and took away its staff; the

aged farmer went to the home of his fathers. This left the old lady destitute and alone. The companion of her declining years gone to his long rest, no children to make her poor heart glad, she longed for some one in whom to confide, to whom she could look for help and comfort in her old age and her decrepitude.

A young tombstone agent traveling over that part of the country and being in search of dead people, heard of the death of her husband, and, learning also of her well-filled pocketbook, decided to visit her at her home and stay a few days and recuperate, having been traveling pretty faithfully for some time. It was his intention to make himself as useful as possible to the sorrowing lady and effectually work himself into her confidence and esteem, when he naturally expected to secure an order for a large and costly monument. He accordingly did as he had planned and was more successful than he had even dared to picture to himself, so much so that his hostess seemed to place the greatest confidence in him, and appeared to like him very much. He would carry in water, chop stove-wood, in fact do anything and everything to please her.

He had been there but a few days, and was beginning to think of broaching the subject of his fondest hopes when she astonished him one day at the dinner table in a way that he had not even dreamed of. She suddenly asked him: "Do you know what I'm going to do?" The young man, of course, replied that he did not. She then said slowly and distinctly: "I'm going to will all my property and money to you. I like you and believe you are an honorable young man, and one who will take care of me in my old age." The young man, of course, tried to reason with her, and urged the peculiarity of such a move, but she still persisted in her determination to make him her heir. When he saw that she was determined in the matter, he agreed to do it with the exception that she should deed it to him for a consideration, so as to avoid any complications with relatives. The consideration was \$10. Thus ended a most peculiar bargain.

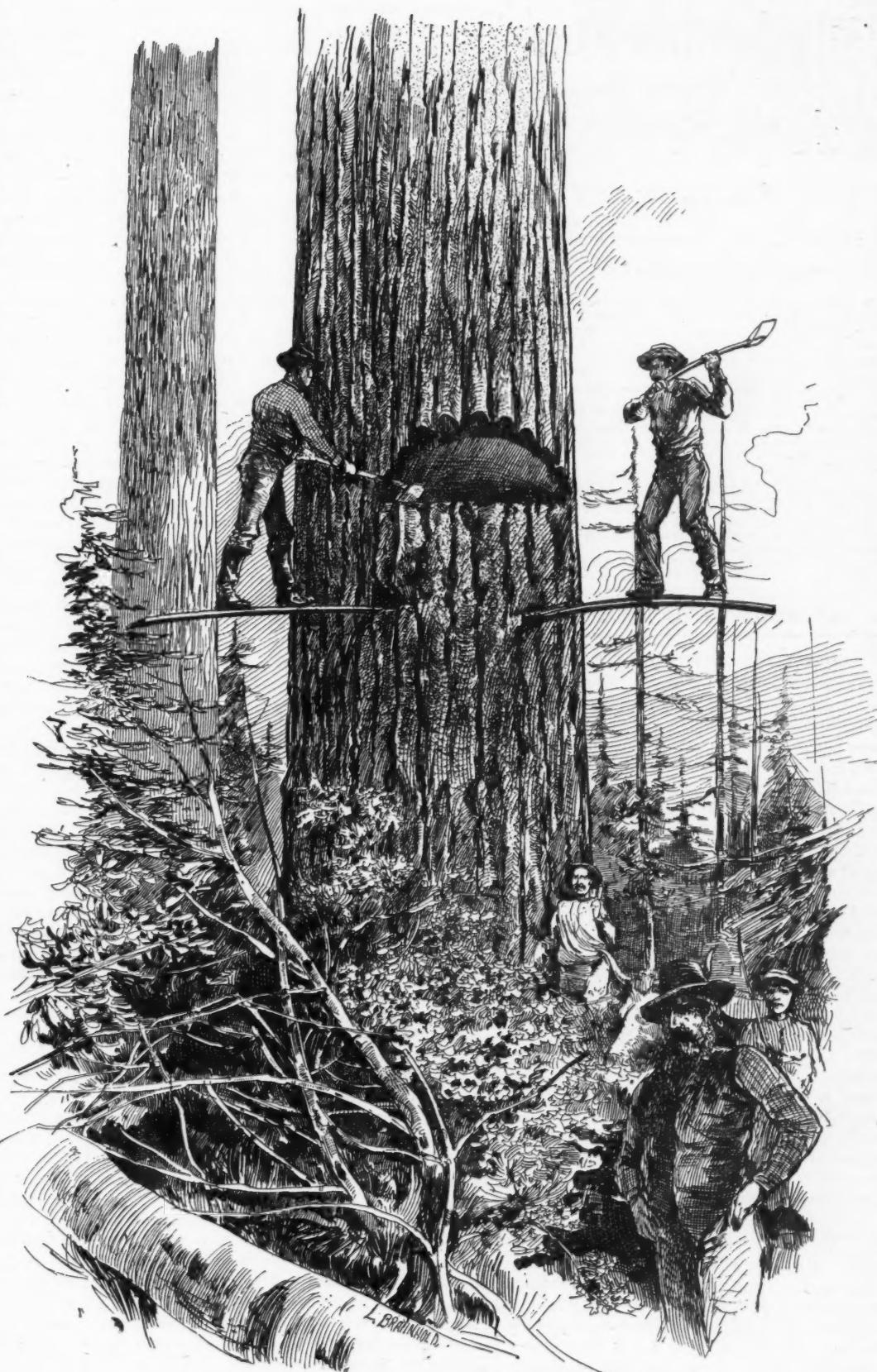
The young man is living on the farm with the old lady, managing the farm and administering to her wants with the tenderness of a son. The property and money is estimated at about \$20,000. The names are not published because the parties do not desire publicity.

They can be found, however, at their home any day persons curiously inclined desire to call.

This is indeed a most remarkably good plot for a novel. For instance the old folks could have lost a boy when very young, and this could prove to be the long lost son, etc., etc., ad libitum, ad infinitum. We merely suggest it; those who engage in weaving tales can fix it up to suit themselves.—*Walla Walla Statesman*.

#### He Sued Himself.

Some years ago when Judge G. H. Hicks was not as prosperous as he has been in late years, says the *Minneapolis Tribune*, he owed a little bill of \$25 to a well-known firm and one of the members came to see him about it. The judge then a plain colonel lately returned from the bar, frankly confessed that he



TIMBER CUTTING IN WESTERN WASHINGTON

was "busted" and asked for an extension of time. "Can't do it," said the gentleman, "if you don't pay we'll have to sue you."

"How can I pay when I haven't got the money," asked the colonel. "All I want is a little time."

"Well, we'll have to bring suit," said the gentleman as he started off.

"Hold on," said the colonel, as a bright idea struck him. "If you must sue me, why not give me the case? You will have to employ some lawyer."

"That's so," said the party; "all right, bring suit." Colonel Hicks brought the suit, confessed judgment, sent in his bill for \$50 attorney's fees, collected it, then settled the judgment. From that time on he had all the firm's law business.

THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE is one of the finest works of the kind in the United States and is well worth four times its subscription price. Do not fail to subscribe.—*Southwestern Minnesota Farmer*.



Entered for transmission through the mails at second-class rates.

E. V. SMALLEY, - EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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EDUCATION IN THE DAKOTAS.

The four new States, North Dakota, South Dakota, Montana and Washington enter the Union with the magnificent common school land endowment of about thirteen million acres. In the Dakotas there seems to have been a determination to make no distinction between constitutional law and statute law, the constitution of the North State in particular clothing the educational articles with all the minuteness and detail, of a legislative statute and in apparent anxiety to found a school system upon a solid basis makes a novel and unheard of declaration. It takes two articles of nineteen sections to cover the schools and school lands. After making it the duty of the Legislature to establish and maintain a system of public schools, it is declared that "This legislative requirement shall be unrevocable without the consent of the United States and of the people of North Dakota." This is perhaps the first instance of any constitution making it impossible for a State to change a common legislative privilege, right or requirement, without national consent. The educational question in the South Dakota constitution is presented in one article of seventeen sections, and leaves something to the judgment of the legislature in adopting "all suitable means to secure the people the advantages and opportunities of education."

SEATTLE A NORTHERN PACIFIC TOWN.

Seattle is at last a Northern Pacific town. The N. P. Company has purchased the Puget Sound Shore Line, running from Stuck Junction, near Puyallup, to Seattle. This road has hitherto been operated in connection with the N. P. as a local line between Tacoma and Seattle. As its ownership was entirely distinct from that of the N. P. The big company could not give the Seattle people the same rates as Tacoma enjoyed. The rate was the same to Tacoma and Stuck Junction, but from the Junction the local company had to add its charges to all goods going to Seattle. Now the two competing Sound cities will be placed on an equality so far as through freight rates from the East and rates from interior points are concerned. In the keen struggle between them for commercial supremacy Seattle has been at a disadvantage of late and the result has been that Tacoma has forged ahead and now leads in population, although only four or five years ago she had not half as many people as the older city. Seattle used to

fight the N. P. with all the energy and business acuteness for which she is remarkable and once made a big effort at Washington to have the land grant of the road forfeited by Congress. Now she will no doubt become a fast friend of the gigantic corporation which straddles the continent from Lake Superior to the Pacific. Times change and the interests of men and towns change too.

ICE PALACES.

The Winter Carnival Association of St. Paul started in to build another ice palace this winter, but the weather has again put a veto upon the enterprise. Last year there was no ice to be had of sufficient thickness for the walls and the project had to be abandoned. This winter has been even milder than last and the Mississippi was not frozen over on Christmas day. We think it would now be wise if the association would definitely given up the whole business of ice architecture and would turn its attention to some other plan for attracting visitors to the city and making the winter a season of activity and animation. A castle-like edifice of ice, glittering in the sunlight, pale and ghostly in the moonlight and glowing "like some great jewel full of fire" when lighted up by electricity, is an exceedingly beautiful spectacle, but such a structure is no longer a novelty in St. Paul. We have had three of them already and the city has obtained all the advertising benefit that can come of them. The objection to building them year after year, or as often as the winter is sufficiently severe, is that such repetitions of what was at first a delightful novelty tends to deepen a wide-spread and erroneous impression in regard to the climate of Minnesota. It makes people who live in regions where winter is a season of alternate freezing and thawing think that our winters here in the Northwest are of an Arctic character. This idea is a delusion and a harmful one. We have to combat it in all our efforts to attract immigration to Minnesota and the Dakotas. It takes a great deal of argument and a great deal of testimony to convince the average Eastern man that the winter of Pennsylvania, New York and the New England States is much more disagreeable and much more trying to the physical powers than the winter of Northern Minnesota. He will doubt the testimony and scout the argument if we enable him to point to the fact that we build year after year great castles of ice here in the capital city of Minnesota. Ice thick enough for the walls of a huge building means to him severe cold. He knows nothing of the dry air and the absence of sudden changes of temperature which are the glory of our winter months, making them agreeable and healthful. He shivers at the thought of towers and pinnacles of ice, and whatever disposition he might have felt to migrate to our fertile prairies is pretty sure to be chilled out of him when he sees the pictures and reads the accounts of the congealed crystalline structures reared on the banks of the Upper Mississippi.

We have hundreds of thousands of acres of rich prairie land in Minnesota that have never been scratched with a plow. Each of the Dakotas has still larger areas of the same highly fertile alluvial soil. We are trying to get more people upon the land. Nothing stands in the way of ampler success in our efforts in this direction except misconceptions concerning the Northwestern climate. Let us deprive ourselves of the pleasure of gazing upon the wonderful ice palaces in the future rather than deepen these misconceptions.

There is room for half a million more people to make a good living on the land in Minnesota and each of the twin Dakotas can supply land for more than half a million new settlers without crowding anybody. With a million and a half more population in the rural districts of the near Northwest the two cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis will have a combined population of at least one million, will be welded into one metropolis with one name and one government and will stand high up on the list of the great cities of the globe.

THE ARID LANDS QUESTION.

A practical solution of the problem of securing irrigation for the arid lands of the West was recently proposed in Washington by President Oakes, of the Northern Pacific Railroad. It was that Congress should give to the several States in the arid belt all the irrigable lands within their respective borders and leave to them the work of setting on foot enterprises for their reclamation. This suggestion is in line with the views of Major Powell, the Director of the U. S. Geological Survey, who has given a great deal of thought to the arid lands question and is already entrusted by Congress with the power to reserve sites for storage basins at the heads of streams. It probably forecasts the recommendations of the Senate Committee on Irrigation, the members of which spend two months last summer and autumn in visiting all the States and Territories comprised within the arid belt. Mr. Oakes' proposition rests upon the belief that it will be impracticable to secure large appropriations from Congress to construct irrigation works. Such appropriations would be opposed by nearly all the members from the Eastern, Central and Southern States, as involving the taxation of their constituents for purposes in which they have no direct interest, and would not be likely to command support in the West except from the representatives of regions to be immediately benefitted by the proposed disbursement of public money. The argument that Congress could wisely devote a large amount of the surplus in the national treasury to making habitable the desert places in the West appears a strong one to the people of the vast expanses of country which lie beyond the regions where the rainfall is ample for agriculture; but it is a new one and will make its way very slowly in the Eastern mind. Fifty years of agitation and a great pressure of population upon the lands now available for farming would probably be required before a majority could be had in Congress for a systematic plan of reclaiming the desert lands by direct action and expenditure on the part of the General Government.

It seems, therefore, to men who have made a careful study of the question in its practical bearings that the only way to secure immediate effort to reclaim large areas by storage reservoirs and costly canals and ditches is to turn the whole matter over to the several States interested and to make to them, as a basis for their enterprises, a free gift of all the government lands which can be brought under irrigation. It would then rest with the States either to take up the work through their own governments or to incorporate stock companies to prosecute it. The proposition is a conservative one and a sensible one; yet a daily newspaper published at Helena, Montana, jumps upon it savagely because Mr. Oakes is the President of a railway company owning a grant of land in Montana which it is trying hard to sell and settle. This curious newspaper shouts about the "infamy" and the "hideous deformity" of the proposition and calls upon Montanians to "arouse to their danger." It is afraid the railroad company would loan money to corporations to build irrigation ditches and would thus in time secure large bodies of land in addition to what it now owns. Montana would then, it argues, be "almost entirely within the power of the Northern Pacific."

This is very silly talk. The railroad company does not want to own more lands in Montana. It is loaded down with lands already upon which it has to pay taxes. It spends a lot of money every year trying to get rid of these lands at merely nominal prices to anybody who will settle upon them. What it wants is the traffic that comes from settlement. If it should loan money to irrigation enterprises the motive would be to sell the lands it already owns and get people upon them, not to get a grip on more lands with a view to monopolizing them. Every land grant road seeks to dispose of its lands as rapidly as possible by offering them at low prices and giving purchasers every accommodation they want in the way of long time for payments. The railroad lands lie in alternate sections with the government lands. Nobody can

farm upon either class of lands until irrigation canals are constructed. To construct such canals will require heavy capital. How is it to be provided? Either by the National Government, or by the States, or by corporations. If the National Government will not do this great work then it should give the lands to the States. But irrigation will make the railroad lands just as valuable as those now belonging to the government. The railroad company is, therefore, strongly interested in the problem, because it wants to get these lands in the hands of settlers who will raise crops for it to transport and will travel upon its lines. If the work of building canals and reservoirs should be placed by the States in the hands of corporations, then the railroad company should aid those corporations, either with loans, or endorsements, or gifts of portion of its lands. To offer to do this in advance shows forethought and enterprise. There is nothing dangerous in the proposition. It looks to disposing of the railroad lands and making them of use to the people; not to monopolizing them. They are already monopolized by the curse of aridity and are of no value until this curse is removed. The Helena newspaper editor should take a long breath of the good Montana air, throw off his bile and his prejudice and look at the question anew from the stand-point of common sense.

#### THE WHALE-BACKS.

It is gratifying to people who have watched the course of events for the past two years to observe with what profound veneration our Duluth friends now respect Capt. Alex McDougall and his whale-backed boats. "Not scarce yon branching lines have bloomed, since we beheld them cursing him in round numbers for an obstinate nincompoop, who was always fighting the best interests of the city. But since he has secured the co-operation of men with millions of money to construct and operate his vessels, they have fallen into a state of adoration hardly second in its consequences to the gibberish of the East Indian before his idol gods. They think there lies before them the possibility of an immense steel ship yard as the product, not of Mr. McDougall's invention, at all, but of his success in negotiating the assistance of unlimited means in forwarding his invention. But alas, for Duluth selfishness. They have entirely overlooked the vaster world-encircling consequences of Mr. McDougall's years of experience. Consequences so great that in the years to come the Captain will be regarded in times of peace, as Ericsson was in times of war, the magician marine architect and mechanic, and his vessels will be found lying alongside the docks or meandering the harbors of all the ports of the world.

It has been said, with some brag, but more truth, that the Yankee and his associated citizens from other shores, have always successfully met competition, when occasion demanded, by invention. It has been so in agriculture and in fine mechanics. And it is barely possible, in fact it is apparent, that this optimistic patriotism is to be justified in that other direction, the shipping interests. To those at all conversant with the causes of the decline of the foreign trade, it must be apparent that here is the vessel that will out-travel and out-carry anything that ever before ventured upon the briny deeps, and with such slight equipments of men that the question of wages will scarcely enter into the economy of the carrying trade. Both in cheapness of construction and of operation there never was anything on the waters of the earth at all comparable to them, and the *Inter-Ocean* looks forward to a speedy revolution in the carrying trade of the world if Capt. McDougall's corporation manifests what would not only be a proper but a profitable spirit of patriotism. If 500 of these vessels could be put upon the water by 1892 they would all find occupation sailing under the American flag. It is the most important invention of the latter half of the nineteenth century, if we except the self-binding harvesters.—*Superior Inter-Ocean*.



SAMUEL WILKESON, the venerable secretary of the Northern Pacific Company, who died in New York on December 2d, at the age of seventy-two, was in his early life one of the most vigorous and original writers on the American press. In Horace Greeley's time he was one of the best-known members of the *Tribune* staff. He was a man of strong and original character, of high ideals and of perfect sincerity and honesty. In his old age he preserved much of the enthusiasm and vivacity which in most men does not last long into the forties. He leaves two sons of widely different dispositions. One is a rich real estate owner in Tacoma, worth at least half a million; the other is a brilliant journalist, who roams over the country as the special correspondent of one or the other of the great metropolitan dailies and would rather go fishing than make a hundred dollars.

UNLESS the holders of property on Third Street, St. Paul, make haste to provide modern business accommodations in place of the old, narrow and badly-lighted stores, built when the city was a frontier town, the street will soon lose its prestige as the chief thoroughfare of retail trade. There are now fourteen of these old stores vacant between Minnesota Street and the Seven Corners. Meanwhile Seventh Street is constantly improving and is drawing trade away from Third. The largest clothing houses and the largest grocery stores are now on Seventh Street and there is not much left on Third except the two big dry-goods concerns and the jewelers to hold its former supremacy. Property will soon decline unless a few first-class modern structures are built without longer delay.

THE idea of some form of union of St. Paul and Minneapolis is gaining ground. It has been discussed recently at a banquet of the Twin City Commercial Club and the *Globe* has given to it a broadside of interviews. The older business men are rather shy of it and the politicians antagonize it, but the sentiment of the young progressive element is tending strongly that way. It is not improbable that by the time the Legislature meets next winter, public opinion will demand the creation of a Metropolitan Water Board and a Metropolitan Park Commission. Once started the movement will never go backwards. The predestined rival of the Twin Cities is the new double-headed commercial center at the head of Lake Superior. It is an interesting fact to note, in this connection, that the distance from the eastern suburbs of Duluth to the southern limits of Superior is greater than that from the center of St. Paul to the center of Minneapolis.

DR. T. T. MINOR, of Seattle, who with two companions was drowned while on a fishing expedition on Puget Sound, last month, was a man widely known in the State of Washington and greatly esteemed for his public spirit, his scientific accomplishments and his genial personal character. He served with gallantry in the civil war, explored the wilds of Alaska twenty years ago as a scientific agent of the Smithsonian Institution, was Mayor of Port Townsend, and then, settling in Seattle when that place was a small logging village, he aided with great zeal and intelligence in the work of building it up into the beautiful city that it is to-day. He was for many years, as Chairman of the Republican Central Committee, the trusted leader of his party in Washington. One of his unfortunate companions was Morris

Haller, a young lawyer of exceptional prominence, who had made a fortune in Seattle and had done valuable work for the welfare of the city. To him was due the replatting of the burnt district. The third member of the party was Louis Cox, a student.

CALL it the Strait of Juan de Fuca, not San Juan de Fuca. Many people living on Puget Sound, who ought to know better, prefix San to the true name, mislead, no doubt, by the San Juan archipelago. That beautiful group of islands was named in honor of Saint John by the early Spanish explorers. The strait which leads from the Pacific into Puget Sound was named from a Greek sailor who was no saint, but a great liar. His real name was Caposiolos Valerianos de Fuca, but when he entered the Spanish service, towards the close of the sixteenth century, he found it convenient to adopt the familiar name of Juan. Being in Venice in 1596, he stuffed an Englishman named Locke with a story to the effect that in 1592 he had sailed up the coast from Acapulco with a caraval and a pinnace to find a channel between the Pacific and Atlantic oceans, and that he had discovered between latitude forty-seven and forty-eight, a large strait in which he sailed for twenty days, coming out into the Atlantic. Locke wrote the story down and sent it to England, where it was not credited. Afterwards it was thought probable that the Greek did actually discover the strait which now bears his name and like many navigators of the time sought to magnify his exploits. So the map makers named the strait for him.

No matter what part of the West you may be in the old settlers will tell you that the climate has changed and that the winters are no longer so severe as in the early days of the occupancy of the country. The truth is the climate has not changed at all on any part of the American continent since white men first knew it. The pioneers remember the winters which were unusually severe but do not recollect those which were only ordinarily cold or were so mild as to resemble those of lower latitudes where they formerly lived. Every winter, whether exceptionally cold or exceptionally mild, has had a parallel within a score of years. In fact, the mean temperature of any period of twenty years will be found to be almost precisely that of any other period of equal length. The present winter, like the past one, is remarkably mild. At this writing, on Christmas day, we have had no characteristic Minnesota winter weather except a short cold snap in November, when the Mississippi froze over only to break up a few days later and to remain open nearly all of December. This proves nothing, however, in favor of the theory of climatic change. Mild winters go in pairs and recur at about the same intervals of time. These two open winters will no doubt be followed by a number of cold ones, which will even up the record.

A GOOD story of the President of the Canadian Pacific Railway is told up in Manitoba. In the town of Portage la Prairie there lives a lawyer, who is a rather nervous and exacting person and somewhat given to fault-finding. Not long ago he ordered some articles shipped to him by freight. There was some delay in their arrival and he went a number of times to the station, with growing impatience, to inquire why they did not come. One day the station agent was busy and worried with more important matters. Two trains were coming in and there were a lot of things to be attended to; so when the importunate attorney began to scold about that freight he lost his temper and said, "You go to hell." The indignant lawyer, a pious man, by the way, wrote a complaining letter to President Van Horne about the delayed freight and ended it to us: "And this is not all. When I again brought the matter to the attention of your agent at this place he treated me with rudeness and told me go to hell." By return mail a reply came from Montreal, which read as follows: "DEAR SIR: I am in receipt of your letter of the 16th inst., in which you inform me that our agent at Portage

told you to go to hell. In reply I have to say that you need not go to hell. Yours truly, W. C. VAN HORNE, President." People in Portage la Prairie have been laughing about that letter ever since.

I WAS an auditor lately at an interesting oratorical contest over the merits of nine North Dakota towns for the location of the Methodist college for the new State. The towns were Fargo, Lisbon, Bismarck, Hillsborough, Mayville, Grafton, Drayton, Park River and Devil's Lake City. The meeting was held in the parlors of the new Columbia Hotel, in Fargo, and each town was represented by three or four of its leading citizens—all good talkers. The tribunal listening to all this talk was a committee of seven on the location of the college, appointed by the North Dakota Methodist Conference, and the hearing occupied an entire day. What was most impressive about the affair was the ability and earnestness of the orators and the warm interest shown in the cause of higher education. Each term put in a sealed offer of money and land. The committee reserved its decision until the members could visit such of the competing towns as its members were not already familiar with. The Congregationalists have already established their college at Fargo, with the aid of a gift of \$20,000 from one of the rich farmers of the Red River Valley, the Presbyterians have their institution well housed in a handsome brick edifice at Jamestown and the Baptists have made a good beginning at Tower City. All these young institutions, together with the University at Grand Forks, make North Dakota remarkably well equipped with college facilities for so young a State

THE entire business districts of two cities and one large town in Washington were consumed by fire a few months ago; yet Eastern capital was offered in abundance at moderate rates of interest to rebuild with much better structures than those destroyed. Capital is furnished from the East all over the new State for all kinds of substantial enterprises. One reason for this is to be found in the fact that there is no double tax on mortgaged property in Washington; that is to say, mortgages are not taxed, as they are in Minnesota and the two Dakotas. The man who is obliged to borrow money is not compelled, after paying the tax on his property, to pay a tax on his debt in the form of an added rate of interest put on by the mortgage-holder. There never was legislation more stupid than the mortgage tax. It comes always out of the debtor—never out of the holder of the mortgage, for the latter always compensates himself by a higher rate of interest. Yet the farmers, who are the worst hurt by this tax of any class, are the very men who vote for it in the legislature.

LIFE IN PUGET SOUND WATERS.—Clams, oysters mussels, etc., are very plentiful on the shore and in the waters of the "Venice of America." There is one salmon cannery on Samish Island. Shrimps are plentiful at the mouth of Stillaguamish River. Halibut, rock cod, trout, herring, and other choice fish abound. Whales, sharks and devil fish are sometimes seen. Star fish, sponges, water agates and many curious things are found.—*Washington Farmer.*

#### WESTWARD.

I'm going West a mere lad boasts,  
Looking proudly at his friend,  
Going West to make a fortune,  
You'll see me rich, sir, in the end.  
I'm going West, a young man whispered,  
Gazing down into eyes of blue,  
Going West to seek a fortune,  
Then, my love, come back to you.  
I'm going West to try my fortune—  
The speaker, one in middle life—  
Here I scarce can gain subsistence  
For my children and my wife.  
I'm going West to mend my fortune,  
Sighed a man with hoary head,  
Though life's sands are well nigh numbered,  
And I'll soon sleep with the dead.  
Westward ho! they all are going,  
Restless youth and white-haired sire,  
Rushing ever, where the sunset  
Bathes the earth with liquid fire.

#### THE NEW STATE OF WASHINGTON.

##### An Interesting Talk by a Practical Railroad Man.

"How's business?" said a reporter to Charles S. Fee, General Passenger Agent of the Northern Pacific, who came up smiling after a round with a twelve-pound turkey. "Business, I am glad to say," responded Mr. Fee, "continues very good, especially travel to Montana, Washington and Oregon, which carries with it a good sprinkling of California travel, although since it quieted down in California two years ago, business to the Southern coast has been made up mainly of tourists; these, however, since the completion of the rail line between San Francisco and Portland, now generally known as the 'Shasta Route,' take the Northern Pacific almost invariably, either going or returning."

"Did you ever take an 800-mile coastwise sea voyage?" asked Mr. Fee of the scribe. That individual responded in the negative, at the same instant involuntarily clutching at his purse. Mr. Fee continued, "Well, I have, just once; San Francisco to Portland. Charley Hornick, who was then holding a prominent position at Portland in the Oregon Railway and Navigation general offices, who met me at the dock, can tell you how I looked when I finally got over the bar—Columbia River bar, I mean—and into Portland. Yes, the completion of that railroad between San Francisco and Portland was a great thing for the Northern Pacific."

"Did the completion of the Shasta line have anything to do with the turning of the tide of emigration from California to Washington?" asked the reporter. "No; while many settlers came up and are still coming up from the South, California had its innings. It crowded things a trifle while at the bat; its rail lines made ridiculously low rates and bunching in one spring its travel was compelled to board it at hotels at its Eastern terminals at no little expense to themselves and at no small inconvenience to their passengers."

"Then the Northern Pacific did not at that time make correspondingly low rates from its Eastern terminals to Portland and Puget Sound?"

"No, sir," replied Mr. Fee. "We believe in railroading for revenue, using at the same time every legitimate means to fill up the great Northwest with a good class of farmers and patrons."

"Don't you consider that you have had a good boom on Washington?" Mr. Fee. "No, sir, I do not consider that we have had any boom on Washington. You have not seen any brass bands a la San Diego from Washington in this neck of woods have you?" The reporter was obliged to admit that he had not. "No," continued Mr. Fee, "we have had a good, steady travel to Washington for over two years, and simply because this new State warranted it, and with our seventy colonist sleeping cars we were able at the same time to give settlers and land explorers accommodations not equaled by any of the other transcontinental routes."

"With its area of 70,000 square miles, equal to about 45,000,000 acres of land, there are to be found in Washington inducements for the capitalist, miner, lumberman, stock raiser, fruit grower and farmer that it would be hard to duplicate. With gold, silver, coal and iron in her mountains; hops, wheat, barley, oats, flax, grapes, peaches and all small fruits in her valleys, not to speak of her vast timber belts or wonderful climate, where flowers bloom almost every month in the year, the wonder is not that the new State is now attracting so much attention, but that, considering its great area and resources, it is still, in many of its choicest sections you might almost say, sparsely settled."

"Did not the completion of your Cascade division aid materially in the development of Washington?"

"Yes, to be sure. The new State was not really thrown open to settlers so long as the Northern Pacific were compelled to carry their Pacific Coast passengers through the southeast corner of Washington and along the Columbia River. Now, however, the situation has changed very materially. The Northern

Pacific with its 800 miles of track in the new State, traverses the center of Washington from east to west and from north to south; in fact the Idaho and Cascade divisions of the Northern Pacific, both of which are in Washington, representing as they do nearly 550 miles of railroad, can well be likened to a tremendous arch, the supporting column of which on the east is the famous 'Palouse branch,' extending south to Genesee, Idaho, with one of the finest wheat producing sections on the coast as a foundation; while the western column, the Pacific division, extending from Portland on the Columbia to Tacoma on Puget Sound, is in every way a fit companion."

"Is your company building any new branches in Washington?"

"Yes, sir. The Central Washington branch, the most important new work in that State, extending from Cheney westward via Davenport, was recently completed to Almira, in the Big Bend country, a distance of something over one hundred miles west of Spokane Falls. This line is opening a new country that will afford the intending settler an excellent opportunity to secure a home. Our settlers' rates, as you know, to Davenport and Almira, are exactly the same as to Spokane Falls. This is also true of this class of rates to Garfield, Palouse City, Pullman, Moscow, Colfax, Uniontown and Genesee on our Palouse branch."

"Where parties who have not determined on their location purchase second-class tickets through to Tacoma or Portland, desire to stop off to examine the country, say at Sprague, Ritzville, Yakima or Ellensburg, are they deprived of the remainder of their tickets in case they leave the train?"

"Oh, no; by leaving the ticket with our agent the passenger holding a North Pacific coast second-class ticket can stop off ten days at Spokane Falls and each and every station west of there, thus having ample time to examine into the merits of the country without incurring the extra expense of purchasing local tickets from point to point."

"Then I am to infer, Mr. Fee, that, while you have no boom in Washington, the interest of Eastern people in that State is rapidly increasing?"

"That is it exactly, and here are the figures to prove it: From Jan. 1, 1888, to Nov. 20, less than eleven months, we carried from our Eastern terminals to Spokane Falls and points west on second-class tickets 30,286, people, while for the corresponding period of 1889 you will see the number increased to 36,254, a gain of 5,968 passengers. That don't look much like the people were losing interest in Washington, does it?"

The knight of the pencil was obliged to admit that it did not.

"What is the character of the emigration going to Washington, and do the people stay?" asked the reporter.

"The emigration going to Washington," said Mr. Fee, "is certainly superior to any that has ever moved in any considerable numbers in this country. It is almost wholly domestic emigration, such States as Wisconsin, Iowa, Ohio, Michigan, Illinois, Indiana, New York, Massachusetts and Pennsylvania furnishing the largest quota. If you think the people do not stay take a look at our trains from the Pacific coast and see for yourself the empty colonist sleepers; and bear in mind in this connection when a man leaves the Pacific coast he is apt to hear of the Northern Pacific before he buys his ticket. The majority of the few that are returning are on their way to their old homes to bring out their families. A look at the people who take our trains at St. Paul and Minneapolis will convince you that they are a class of settlers who are not 'flying by night,' but are people with plenty of means, and unless suited in the State of their adoption could not be kept in that country by any possible maneuvering. After all, one of the best evidences of the assured prosperity of Washington is the collapse of the celebrated 'Oklahoma boom.' There you had the genuine article. Of course the people rushed there by thousands, but our trains even during that period were still run in two sections, and

we didn't hang hats in the windows either. The 'Oklahoma boom' danced out before the public in very gaudy colors, and then danced back again very much disfigured. The tide of travel to Washington, however, moved steadily along, and many of those who were caught by the 'Oklahoma fly' afterward followed in the footsteps of their wiser friends."

"I would like to ask you, Mr. Fee, what are the Hunt lines?"

"The 'Hunt lines' represent a system of roads that are being built in Southeastern Washington by George W. Hunt of Walla Walla and some of his Eastern friends. The system now represents some two hundred miles of road, completed and in full operation, in one of the richest sections of the new State. The most prominent points reached by this line are Walla Walla, Waitsburg and Dayton in Washington, and Athena and Pendleton in Oregon. The trains of the Northern Pacific make close connections for all of these points at Hunt's Junction, a station near the Columbia River, which connection, by the way, gives passengers for the several points named nearly one day quicker time than can be made via the Oregon Railway and Navigation company's line."

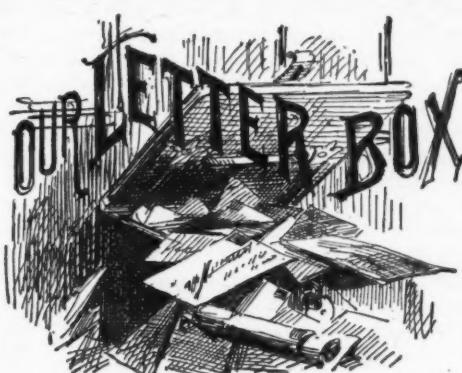
"Just one more question and I vanish. What are the prospects for passenger travel to Washington during the present winter and early months next spring?"

"The North Pacific coast travel during December, January and February depends largely on the character of the winter in the Middle and Eastern States. If open and mild like last winter the travel will, I am satisfied, continue to increase steadily; if on the contrary, the weather is stormy and cold, travel will be light until March, which months, by the way, is always one of our heaviest, so far as travel to Washington is concerned. You will see from this table that in March, 1888, we carried to Washington 3,600 people, while in March, 1889, we secured over 5,500 to the same State. All of our correspondence, which is very heavy, points to a larger business for the spring of 1890 than for any previous season, and that we shall be prepared to care for it in better shape than ever before goes without saying."—*St. Paul Pioneer Press.*

#### LINCOLN COUNTY, WASHINGTON.

The development and growth of a town depends upon the character of the country surrounding and tributary to it, and after a trip through northern Lincoln County the writer feels more than ever confident in the future of Davenport. There is not a more beautiful stretch of agricultural land in the State than that lying a few miles north and northwest of this place. Its fertility is marvellous, and the area of arable country is astonishing to one who never visited the locality. The section is well settled, and the farms have every appearance of being occupied by thrifty, well-to people. Besides the farming lands there is a vast quantity of good timber, while the mountains contain excellent stone, marble and indications of minerals. This fine country is only partially developed, its possibilities yet unknown, and when it is thickly settled and its resources utilized Davenport will rapidly develop into a city of considerable magnitude. Few towns can boast of more substantial backing, and the effects of this advantage will be noticeable in a few years.—*Davenport Times.*

**SPONGE IN PUGET SOUND.**—Recently a fisherman drew up a sponge while fishing in Gibraltar Pass, which sponge may be seen at the store of William H. Halpin. We understand that quite a number of sponges are grown in Similk Bay, in front of the *Farmer* office. As to whether the variety and quality possess any commercial value we cannot say, though we incline to the belief that they may be rated as belonging to the same class as the common bath sponge, although different somewhat in shape. The sample referred to seems to have its root grown fast to a small stone which was pulled up by the fisherman's hook with the sponge. This sponge is umbrella shape.—*Gibraltar Farmer.*



Major Powell's New Irrigation Scheme.

To the Editor of *The Northwest Magazine*:

It seems to me that Maj. Powell's recent address on irrigation, before the New York Board of Trade should elicit more attention, especially in the West, than the newspaper press appear to be giving it.

On the extent of our arid lands, the proportion which can be successfully irrigated, the water supply, and the cost of making the improvements, Maj. Powell is no doubt the best authority we have, but how and by whom the work shall be done—if done at all, is a matter in regard to which the Major's fellow-citizens will have something to say. In this point, there are others as competent to pass an opinion as he. In the hope, therefore, of eliciting a fuller discussion, I submit in brief, how the Major's novel scheme strikes me, and a few thoughts on government control.

A summary of the address may be useful for those who have not seen the full report.

Maj. Powell said: One-half the territory of the United States, exclusive of Alaska, may be classed as arid. About one-third of the arid lands are capable of reclamation, amounting, he estimates, to 100,000,000 acres. The water supply for the purpose is ample, and well distributed. He estimates the cost at an average of \$10 per acre. It is a large sum of money to invest, but the land, now practically worthless, would when improved, be worth \$50 per acre, showing a profit of nearly 400 per cent. to say nothing of the added increment to the grazing, timber and mineral lands. It is agreed that the lay of the land and the source of water supply are such that the work cannot be successfully managed under State control, and therefore the general government should direct it. But it would not be safe he argues, for the general government to do this work itself. It fears jobbery and corruption. He would authorize the settlers to organize a grand corporation for the purpose, and thinks they could readily borrow money on the franchise to make the necessary improvements.

The above outlines the plan sufficiently for my purpose. Those who want fuller information, will desire to see the full report.

It seems to me that the method of raising money, will be fraught with great difficulties and dangers. In the first place, but a moiety of the people who are eventually to occupy the land, can be present to take part in the organization. Of course they will not be able to furnish any considerable part of the capital required. Eastern, or foreign capital will be sought, and if capitalists furnish the money to make the improvements, we may rest assured they will eventually own them, and reap the accruing profits. A giant monopoly, beside which the Standard Oil Company would be a mere pygmy, would be inevitable result. I do not think it would be possible to raise the money on any franchise that would not give capitalists this prospect.

There is but one other recourse; that is the one Major Powell rejects. There would no doubt be some danger of jobbery, should the general government assume the work, but we ought to have enough statesmanship in Congress to minimize the danger. All the conditions are favorable, if politics can be kept out of it. We have money enough lying idle in the treasury to make a good beginning, and when the work is well under way, it may be made to yield a revenue for its own extension. But a small portion of the arid lands are as yet occupied, and a new method of disposing of them can be adopted with very little friction. What that method should be is a debatable question, but I suggest that as the land belongs to the whole people, and the money which is to make its chief value will be furnished by the whole, that value being exceptionally large, it should be made to yield a perpetual revenue for the benefit of all.

My observation leads me to think there is a growing public sentiment in favor of government control of large public enterprises. That this is one of the enterprises that might be favorably considered cannot be doubted, for though its ramifications are not as far reaching as some, its largeness within its sphere will compensate for the limitation of its sphere.

T. L. T.

We do not think Major Powell's views were fully and correctly reported in the newspaper accounts of

his recent address. He does not favor one gigantic corporation to provide irrigation for all the arid regions. His plan is for the government to cede the arid lands to the several States where they are situated; for the States to reshape their counties so that each county will be as nearly as possible a single drainage basin and then for the title to all the arid lands susceptible of irrigation and also to the pasture lands and the timber lands to be vested in the people of the counties. In this way the whole population of each drainage basin would be interested in the preservation of the forests and in the reclamation of the desert lands. In their municipal capacity they could issue bonds for ditch enterprises and storage basins and could prevent the monopoly of the water, which in all arid countries is more dangerous to the public welfare than the monopoly of land. Without water land in such regions has no real value for farming.—*EDITOR NORTHWEST*

#### THE COOKE CITY MINES.

Cooke City is surrounded by lofty mountains with pointed peaks and sharp ridges supported by rounded foot hills. These mountains to the very summits are intersected with numerous mineral veins containing iron, lead, zinc, copper and manganese, all carrying silver and gold.

This whole region drained by the head waters of Soda-Butte Creek, Clarke's Fork, Rosebud and Stillwater, belongs to the New World mining district.

It is believed that fully one thousand claims have been located in this district since its organization. The people who discovered, developed and hold the mines of this district with a firm belief in their vast wealth, belong to that intelligent and vigorous and patriotic portion of Americans who have finished up the States of the Atlantic slope, made those of the Mississippi Valley and are now laying broad and deep the foundations of the great commonwealth of the Pacific slope and the Rocky Mountains. The world has never seen the equal of this people.

The people of Cooke City and the New World mining district belong to the men who have made the country, and they hope the railroad men will speedily come to take their bullion to the Eastern market at such cheap rates as they can afford to bring out the millions and millions now in sight and yet to be developed. Those mines of this district near Cooke City have been best developed and proven up. Three smelters have been erected at Cooke City to prove up the ores of the mines of this camp. The ores of many of the mines have been smelted in these furnaces and have given very satisfactory results. But they want and must have cheap transportation for their low grade bullion. Mines cannot afford to pay two cents freight on lead and sell it for less than four cents. But it is believed the pioneer railroad men will meet the pioneer miners and both will be greatly enriched by the many great mines of Cooke City.

The low grade of the bullion and the cost of transportation have caused the smelters of Cooke City to shut down and the miners to quit work, save what is necessary to hold their mines until such times as cheaper transportation will enable them to make a fair profit on the output of their mines and furnaces. Notwithstanding this delay of profitable returns, neither the prospectors who discovered these mines; nor those who have purchased interests in them have lost faith in the final results; all are holding on for "the whistle of the iron horse." When he comes the New World district will be alive with men, teams and smelters, and the railroad will have its trains loaded with coke and the bullion of the mines now idle for want of cheaper transportation.—*G. C. Swallow in Helena Independent.*

#### CUM GRANO SALIS.

The salt of an epigram is wit:—  
But salt by the bushel doth halt us;  
For of salt we want but a little bit,  
And Edgar's done nothing but—*Saltus.*

W. E. P. FRENCH.

## ABERDEEN, WASHINGTON.

A New City in the Lower Chehalis Valley  
on the Tide Water of Gray's Harbor.

BY T. S. NORRIS.

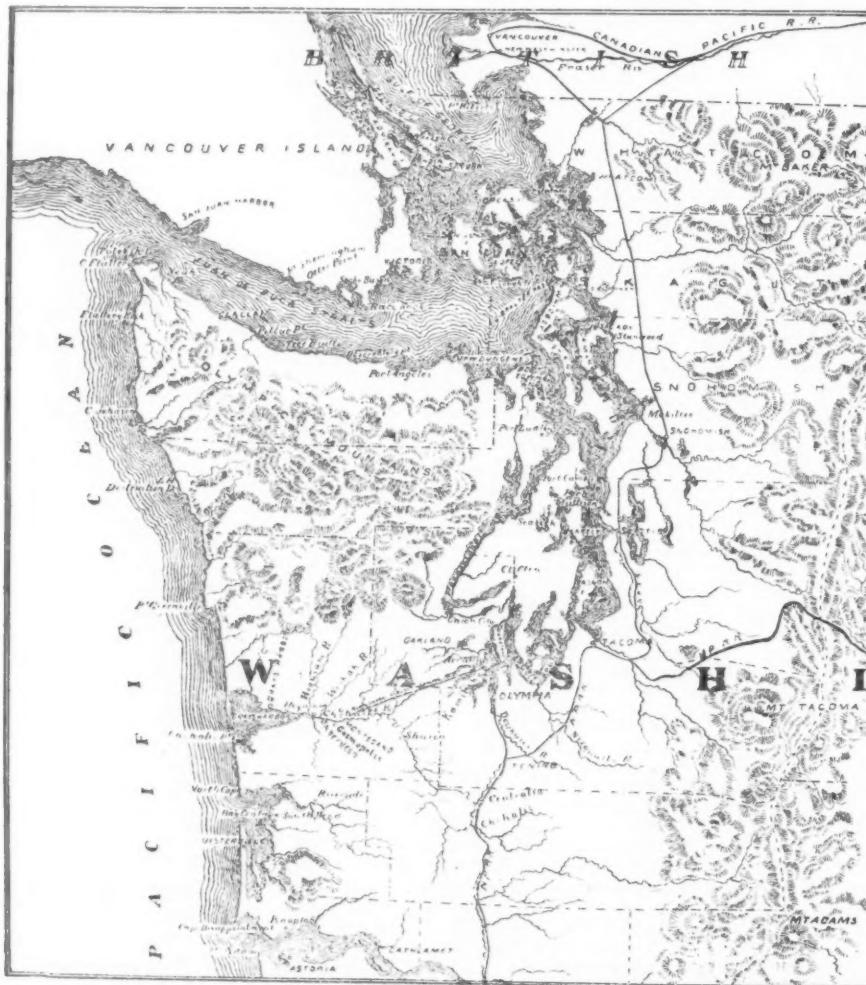
The truth of the rather hackneyed quotation, "Westward the star of empire takes its way," has nowhere been so fully exemplified as in the new State of Washington, and the rapidity with which a virgin forest gives way to a small farm, then a little village, a thriving town and a large and prosperous city in this neck of the woods is simply marvellous. No sooner does the proprietor of a half section of land located on tidewater, or along a navigable stream, or contiguous to a line of railway, decide to plat his land and christen a new town, than settlers commence to come in, mills and factories arise, and well-graded streets with broad sidewalks take the place of the cattle trails that were before that the only roads. All this has been shown in the wonderful growth of the towns and cities on Puget Sound. But there is another region still further west than that, where the growth is still more astonishing and borders almost on the miraculous. This country is known as the Gray's Harbor country, beyond which there can be no further progress as it borders directly on the Pacific Ocean, and the tides of that great expanse of water come through the gap between the headlands and wash the shores of one of the finest harbors on the coast. A very few years ago there were no settlements on this harbor and it was an unknown country except to a few and those few were ignorant of the immense possibilities of the favored region they had seen but never explored. As time went on a few people were induced to come to Gray's Harbor and settle on the banks of the noble Chehalis River and raise cattle, which ran wild in the woods where they easily picked up their own living in all seasons,

and needed little or no care. The Hudson's Bay Company established a post for trading with the Indians from whom they procured the finest skins of the sea otter, which has its favorite resort a few miles up the coast from the mouth of the harbor, and would have made some attempts at settlement had not the whole country been given up to the United States.

Gray's Harbor is one of the largest bays on the Pacific Coast and is perfectly landlocked. It is entered over a bar on which there is at any stage of the tide not less than eighteen feet by actual measurement and at nearly all low tides has twenty-two feet of water. The entrance is perfectly straight, the breakers being on each side of the channel, which is well-defined and cannot be mistaken. This can be easily dredged to any desired depth. For some miles up the harbor there are no obstructions met with, the first being near the mouth of the Hoquiam River, where another bar, which at the lowest of low tides has from eight and one-half to nine feet of water, is

met with and another of the same depth a mile or two further inland and not far from the head of the bay. At high tide almost any ocean going vessel can pass over these bars with no difficulty and without the aid of a tug, while an expenditure of ten or twelve thousand dollars would make a channel deep enough for any vessel in the world. The principal river flowing to the harbor is the Chehalis which rises in the foothills of the Cascade Range a hundred miles east of its mouth and meandering through the most pleasant valleys and the most fertile agricultural lands of Washington, finally empties its waters into Gray's Harbor at Aberdeen, the present largest town on the harbor. Before reaching this point the Chehalis has received the waters of the Black River which also takes its rise in the Cascades or the hills adjacent to them, an the Satsop and Wynoochee, which rise in the Olympic Range, and when entering the harbor receives the waters of the Wishkah which

climatic conditions that prevail. Nor is this belt valuable only on account of its exemption from fire, but because the quality of the timber is better than that in any other portion of the Western Washington. The timber, too, is thicker on the ground and the trees are larger and longer and will give a percentage of clear above the average. With proper care this will form a permanent supply of timber such as no other part of the United States can have, as the fir, cedar and spruce will all reproduce themselves in this belt faster than on Puget Sound. This fire belt extends for over twenty townships, or about 500,000 acres of land and runs north to the foot of Mount Olympus. As before stated the majority of the timber is yellow fir the most valuable of the woods of the coast for general purposes—but there is a large quantity of the noble tide land spruce tributary to the harbor, four times as much in fact and that of better quality than is tributary to Puget Sound, and there is more spruce tributary to Gray's Harbor and Shoalwater Bay than anywhere else in the world. One of the finest belts of cedar on the Coast is just south of the Quineault Indian Reservation, and this can be brought in very easily by a logging railroad. South of the harbor and the Chehalis River the fir is not so good nor so beautiful, but cedar is larger and more abundant. On the John's River there is a cedar tree thirty-six feet in diameter. Through the whole of this country there is a large quantity of hemlock, the finest in the world—which differs from the Eastern hemlock in that its bark has a larger percentage of tannin and the timber itself is of better quality. Eastern hemlock, as is well known, is thought but little of as a merchantable timber and is generally shaky, but the Gray's Harbor hemlock has no shakes and when manufactured into lumber can hardly be distinguished from the best of yellow fir and has much greater economic value than the red fir of this country. Before long the value of this hemlock will be recognized and the largest tanneries in the world instead of being located in Pennsylvania will

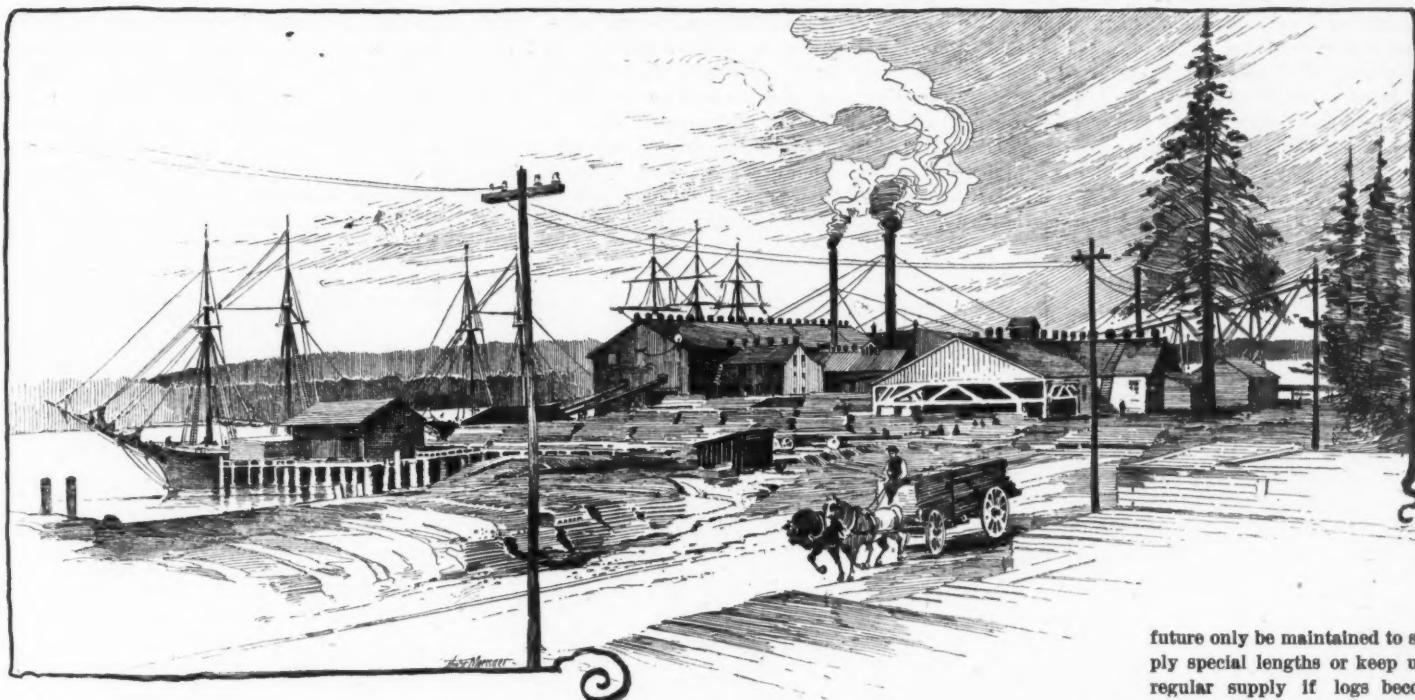


OUTLINE MAP OF WESTERN WASHINGTON, SHOWING THE SITUATION OF ABERDEEN.

divides the town of Aberdeen into two parts. The Wishkah is navigable for about fifteen miles from its mouth for all vessels and then forks east and west. Above the forks the valley becomes wider and wider and some of the finest farms in the world are located on the branches. These farms have proved to be the most valuable hop farms in the whole of Western Washington—the ideal hop country of the world—the country which can raise the best hops and the largest crops of any part of the universe. Along the banks of the Wishkah and back from the valleys of the forks is the center of the most valuable fir lands of the Pacific Coast, and when that is said it can be well understood that the most valuable timber land of the world is meant. The Wishkah is in the exact center of the wonderful belt of yellow fir which extends from the Satsop River on the east to the Pacific Ocean on the west, and there is no possibility of any of the timber in this belt ever being destroyed or even injured by fire, on account of the peculiar

be built in the Gray's Harbor Country.

The town of Aberdeen, the present metropolis of this region, is located at the head of the harbor and at the junction of the Chehalis and Wishkah rivers, the latter of which cuts the town into two unequal parts. The town was first laid out in December, 1883, by Samuel Benn, the pioneer settler on Gray's Harbor, who owned a section of land on both sides of the Wishkah at its mouth. One hundred acres were first platted and 300 have been platted since. At first settlement on the new townsite was slow, but before the close of 1884 A. J. West, a Michigan lumberman, purchased from Mr. Benn a site for a sawmill and at once began to build. A settlement grew up around the mill, which was situated on the east side of the Wishkah and was named after that river. Next year Captain John M. Weatherwax was induced by Mr. West to come out and he purchased from Mr. Benn another site for a mill on the west side of the Wishkah, around which grew another settlement which



ABERDEEN.—J. M. WEATHERWAX LUMBER CO.'S MILL.

was called Aberdeen. Afterwards two other firms came and bought mill sites, one in Wishkah and the other in Aberdeen. The two settlements grew towards each other, the population began to increase and in 1888 they were united into one incorporated town under the territorial act, to which the name of Aberdeen was given. After the town was incorporated the growth became very rapid and in September of 1888 there were from 800 to 1,000 people in the place. Stores began to multiply, business increased, and for its size Aberdeen became one of the most lively towns on the Coast. But the great increase in the population of the town has been within the past year, and there are now nearly, if not quite 10,000 inhabitants. This growth has not been a growth like Jonah's gourd which grew in a night and withered next day. It has not had even the faintest semblance of a boom, but has been steady and vigorous. Founded as it has been on the development of the natural resources of the country surrounding Aberdeen, its prosperity cannot in the nature of things be anything but a legitimate growth, which as time goes on will be still further increased.

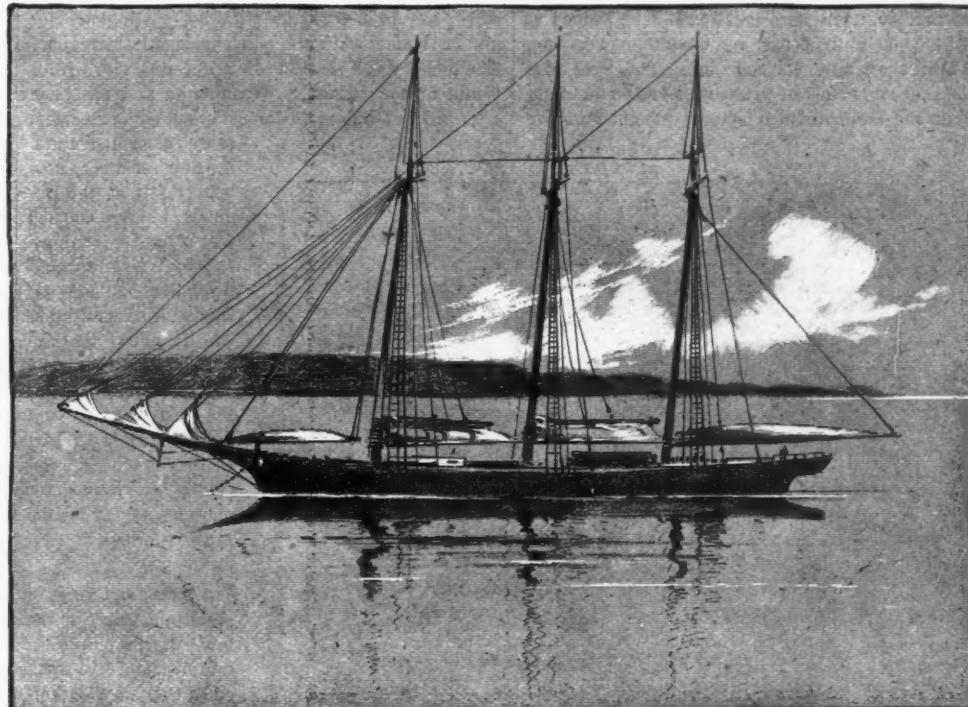
The principal industry of the town is the manufacture of lumber and as before stated there are four mills there. The largest is that owned by the J. M. Weatherwax Lumber Company, lately incorporated, which has a capacity of 80,000 feet of inch boards in ten hours, or of 100,000 feet of mixed lumber. During the twelve months ending November 30th, 1889, the cut of the mill was 22,128,910 feet, and the shipments by water to California and foreign ports during the eleven months ending with that date were 14,417,837 feet. This mill was established by Captain John M. Weatherwax in 1885, and when first erected had a capacity of 65,000 feet a day. This has since been increased by adding a new eighteen inch engine. The company has a capital of \$250,000, of which Mr. Weatherwax, who is President, has a controlling interest. The other members of the company are C. B. Weatherwax, Secretary, J. G. Weatherwax Eugene France and Carl S. Weatherwax. Like all, other mills cutting fir this mill has a double rotary for the main mill with upper and lower saws, sixty inches in diameter, which are speeded up to from 700 to 750 revolutions; a pony rotary with steam feed, which is faster; a gang edger, opening six and one-half feet;

three trimmers, three planers, a moulding machine, resaw, band saw and pig saw and has an ample supply of power. The lumber is shipped chiefly to California, but several cargoes have been sent to the Sandwich Islands and to Mexico. In connection with the mill there is a large general store, containing nearly everything except drugs and carrying a stock of from \$20,000 to \$25,000. Apart from the company Captain Weatherwax owns between twenty and twenty-five thousand acres of land on or near Gray's Harbor that will average to cut from 40,000 to 60,000 feet of lumber to the acre, and has therefore at least a billion feet of good fir timber on it. Two logging camps are maintained for the mill, but last summer three were kept running. One of the camps has a logging railroad running from it to the mill. Most of the logs, however, are now purchased from outside loggers and the camps will in

future only be maintained to supply special lengths or keep up a regular supply if logs become scarce. The product of the mill is largely shipped in vessels in which he has an interest, and

these consist of two barkentines and a schooner. At the present time a three masted schooner is being built in the shipyard in connection with the mill, which will have a capacity of 600,000 feet of lumber and cost between \$30,000 and \$40,000, and will draw fourteen feet of water when loaded. One tug, the *Herald*, is owned by Captain Weatherwax, and till recently the steamer *Aberdeen*, which carries passengers between Montesano and all parts of the harbor, was his property. Next Spring a shingle mill will be erected adjoining the mill, the machinery for which is now on the ground. Another engine and big boiler are now coming round Cape Horn and will be used to start up some new manufacturing enterprise in Aberdeen, the nature of which has not yet been fully determined.

A. J. West owns the second largest mill, which has a capacity of about 60,000 feet and averages to cut



SCHOONER BUILT AT ABERDEEN BY M'DONALD BROS.

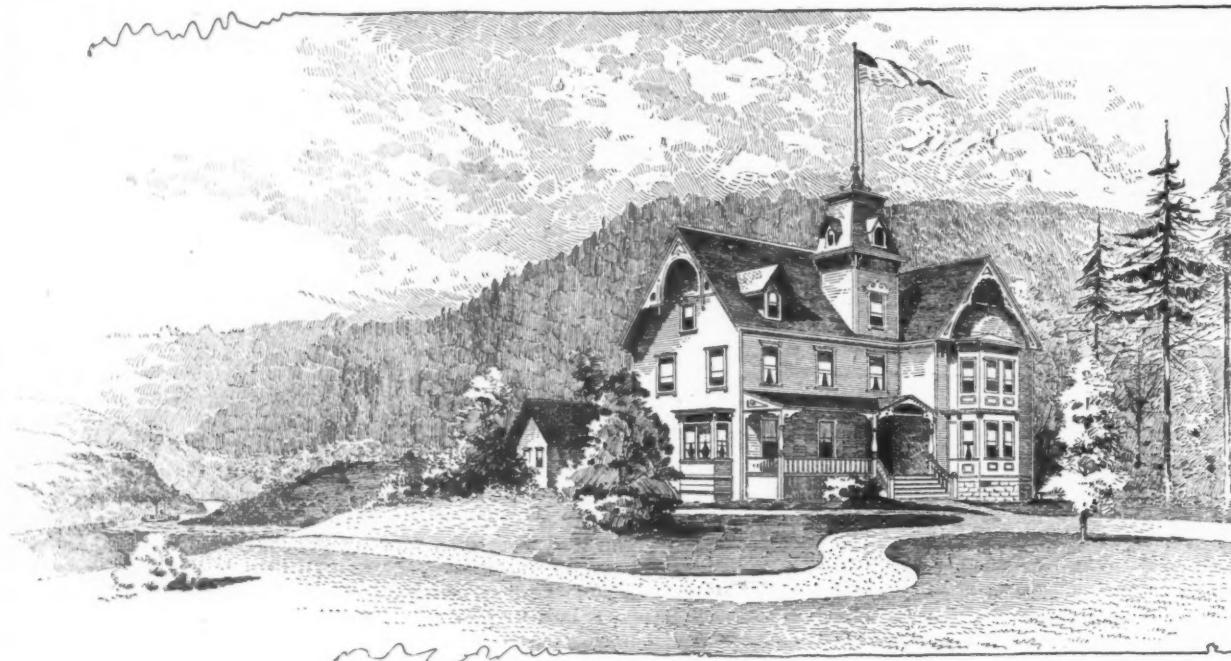
about 50,000 feet, or 18,000,000 feet per annum. The shipments of this mill, during the first eleven months of last year, to coastwise points amounted to 9,204,649 feet; this of course, like that of the Weatherwax mill being exclusive of local sales. Next in size comes the mill of J. Emery, Mack & Wood, the product of which was nearly all sold locally. The mill has a capacity of 50,000 feet a day, but the estate is in the hands of the Probate Court, two successive brothers at the head of the firm having been drowned in the

the total value of the lumber manufactured each year a little over \$700,000. The mills employ about two hundred men, whose monthly wages amount to upwards of \$15,000, and there are large numbers of men employed in the woods besides, whose wages amount to at least as much more.

Second in importance to the lumber industry are the fishing interests of Aberdeen. The Chehalis River and its tributaries, and the rivers flowing directly into Gray's Harbor, are favorite resorts of

built and that now has a large schooner building on its stocks. All the lumber needed for the yard is cut in the mill. The yellow fir of the Gray's Harbor country has proved to be the very best lumber for this purpose, being even better than Eastern oak, and it can be procured at the mill in any desired length. As soon as the schooner now building is off the stocks the keel of another vessel will be laid and the yard will be kept constantly busy.

The mercantile business of Aberdeen is very large



ABERDEEN.—RESIDENCE OF JAS. B. STEWART.

harbor. It has therefore been impossible to obtain a statement of the cut for 1889. The fourth mill is owned by Wilson Brothers, of Aberdeen and Portland, and is largely used for cutting cedar. A considerable amount of the lumber made at this mill is sold locally and more is shipped to Portland. The mill has a capacity of 35,000 feet and shipped to coastwise points during the first eleven months last year 5,156,769 feet. The total shipments of lumber from Aberdeen during the eleven months ending November 30, 1889 were 28,779,255 feet, valued at over \$400,000 on the docks, and the lath, pickets etc., will bring the total to \$50,000 more. The local sales of the four mills amount to about 20,000,000 feet per annum, the value of which is about \$280,000 making

the finest salmon. Among these are the hook-jaw, which is the first to come up the river, the silver salmon, the second to run, and the steel-head, the last. The two first are the most valuable. There are three canneries in Aberdeen and the pack this past season was 40,000 cases of four dozen cans each, valued at \$250,000, the larger part of which represents wages paid out to fishermen and employees in the canneries.

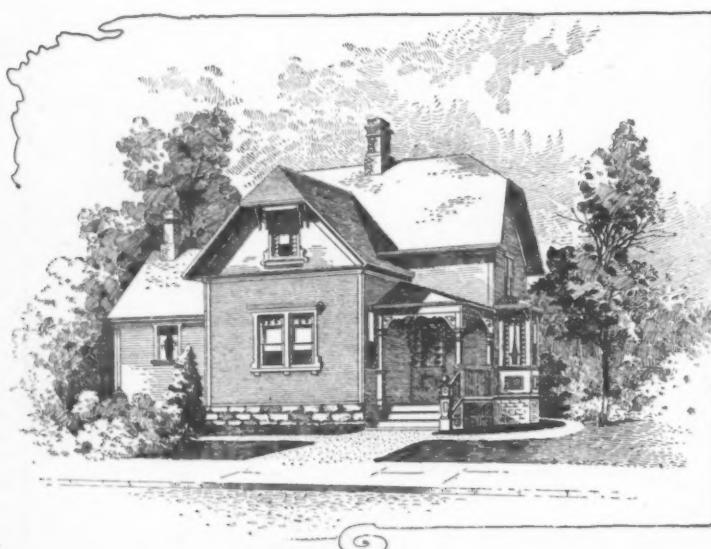
During the year of 1888 a large foundry was erected in Aberdeen, near the mouth of the Wishkah, which has been fitted up with every appliance for mill or steamer work and employs about thirty men. The foundry and machine shop in connection with it is one of the largest in Washington and has been arranged for building the largest ocean-going steamers as well as smaller crafts.

A new steamer now being built at the Hoquiam, to carry 600,000 feet of lumber is to have all her machinery and her boilers built at these shops. This institution was founded by Captain Weatherwax, who still owns one half of the stock outright and has an interest in part of the remainder. Recently he arranged for more machinery for the foundry, which is now on the way.

Another enterprise of great importance to the town is the ship yard founded and still owned by Captain Weatherwax, where several vessels have already been

and at the present time there are over seventy stores and other business houses running in the town. Arrangements have been recently made to start a wholesale grocery house there, which will open its doors very early this year. Some of the stores are very large and all have a very profitable trade. There are two newspapers in the town, the Aberdeen *Herald*, the only Democratic paper in Chehalis County, and *Bulletin*, Republican recently started. Both are creditable weekly journals and are well patronized. The town is well lighted by electricity furnished by the Aberdeen Electric Light Company, which has a capital of \$10,000 at present, but is about to double its capital stock and greatly enlarge the capacity. Two systems of electric lights are applied—the Brush and Westinghouse. The company of which Geo. D. Allen is Secretary has a free lease of land for its power house and free fuel for fifty years and is thus enabled to furnish lights at a very low price. The Aberdeen Water Company, of which Geo. D. Allen is also Secretary, supplies the town with water that by the analysis of several eminent chemists has proved to be absolutely pure. The supply is obtained from mountain streams a mile and a half west of town and is sufficient for a city of 50,000 people. The stream is so situated that the supply will always be permanent and there is no possibility of its becoming contaminated in any way. A complete system of hydrants is being put in through the town and a reservoir system for direct pressure and for a reserve supply has been adopted. The works will be completed some time during the present year, and the expenditures on account of these improvements, will amount to about \$30,000, all of which has already been provided for.

The Board of Trustees, or town council, has since the incorporation of the town, been very active in making public improvements and prior to the incorporation of the place the citizens themselves had done much in the way of grading streets and building



ABERDEEN.—RESIDENCE OF J. A. HOOD.



GEO. E. FILLEY, PRESIDENT BOARD OF TRADE, ABERDEEN.

sidewalks. The streets immediately on the water front were liable to overflow at very high tide, and the people set to work at once to obviate the difficulty. Earth and other material was obtained and the banks and streets were raised at a heavy expense out of all reach of high tides or danger from floods, and the grade of the streets was raised in some cases about three feet. Prior to this work being done the town council inaugurated a complete system of sewerage, which has been pronounced by the most competent authorities to be first-class in every respect. The main trunk sewers were laid at once and the connecting mains are now being put in. In providing for the sewerage system the authorities looked to the future more than to the present and built a system that will be good for fifty years. In the past three years, in addition to the street grading and sewerage of the town, over six and a half miles of ten-foot sidewalk has been built, and so thoroughly has the grading and sidewalk laying been done that mud is a thing almost unknown. Connecting the two parts of the town a good ferry is maintained at the foot of Main Street across the Wishkah, which is 250 feet wide at this point and over thirty feet deep. Before long a swing bridge will be built, over which street cars will be run from the extreme east of the town clear through to Hoquiam, four miles west.



GEO. D. ALLEN, SECRETARY BOARD OF TRADE, ABERDEEN.

In July of last year a Board of Trade was organized and has become one of the most active agents in promoting the interests of the town. It has over fifty members now and applications are continually coming in from merchants and others in the town. The Board has been very fortunate in the selection of its officers, who are Geo. E. Filley, President; J. H. Hennessy, Vice-President, and George D. Allen, Secretary and Treasurer. So much of the success of an institution like this depends on the efficiency of the Secretary rather than any other officer, that the satisfaction and pride the members feel in having so competent an officer as Mr. Allen is very pardonable. Mr. Allen is so thoroughly posted on the resources of the country around and tributary to Aberdeen, that many of the more important enterprises that have been established in the town since the organization of the Board are the result of his shrewdness and sagacity. At the present time he is endeavoring to form a company to erect either a large tannery or a tannic acid extract works, and with every prospect of success. Such an enterprise would certainly be a financial success from the start on account of the superior quality of the hemlock of this region. The bark of this hemlock contains four per cent. of tannic acid, a higher proportion than is found in any other hemlock in the country. The Board of Trade has issued a number of pamphlets on Aberdeen and the Gray's Harbor Country and is constantly engaged in advertising the future city throughout the East.

Aberdeen has several good hotels already built, which are well appointed and maintain excellent tables. Another large one is now being built. This new hostelry will be the finest in the Gray's Harbor Country, and is being erected by the Aberdeen Land & Investment Co., of which Richard T. Dabney is President. The building will stand at the corner of Hume and G streets and will be called The Hotel Dabney. It will be 50x130 feet and three stories high, and will contain seventy-five rooms. The office, 25x28 feet, will be on the first floor and adjoining that will be a reading room 16x18 feet, a bar room 18x20 feet, and a large hallway leading from the office into the dining room, which will be 25x48 feet. There will also be a well arranged sample room for commercial men, 16x34 feet; a good laundry, large kitchen, woodhouse and pantry. Three store rooms, 20x50 feet each, will fill up the remainder of the space on the first floor. Electric lights will be furnished in all rooms and the entire building will be heated with steam. Every modern convenience will be provided in the hotel, and the furniture and fittings will be first-class in every respect. The whole building including the furnishings and fitting up will cost upwards of \$30,000.

A public school was started in Aberdeen directly after the town was platted and has since been enlarged so that it now has three departments. At the commencement of the present nine months' term, at the beginning of September, there were 109 scholars enrolled. At the end of three months the number had increased to 204, and pupils are coming in so rapidly as to lead to the conclusion that by the end of the present term there will be over 300 in attendance. The Board has decided to open another room immediately after the holidays and engage a fourth teacher. Nothing shows the rapid growth of the town more effectually than these figures. Arrangements have been made to erect a \$10,000 academy in the town early in the coming spring, which will add to the accommodations of the school in a marked degree. There are three church organizations in the town, all of which are flourishing and have good buildings erected. These are the Methodist, Catholic, and Congregationalist. The former has an especially handsome and tasteful building. There is now a State bank in Aberdeen, with a good capital, and a National bank is to be opened in a few weeks. Telephone communication is had with all parts of the Harbor and with Olympia and other cities on Puget Sound, and a regular service of steamers connects Aberdeen with Portland, Oregon, and Astoria.

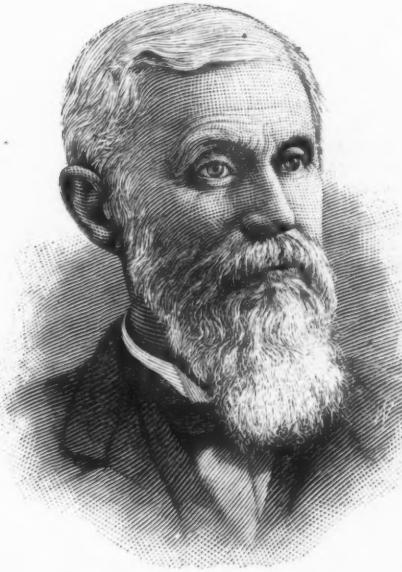
Formerly and till a few months ago the 'trip to



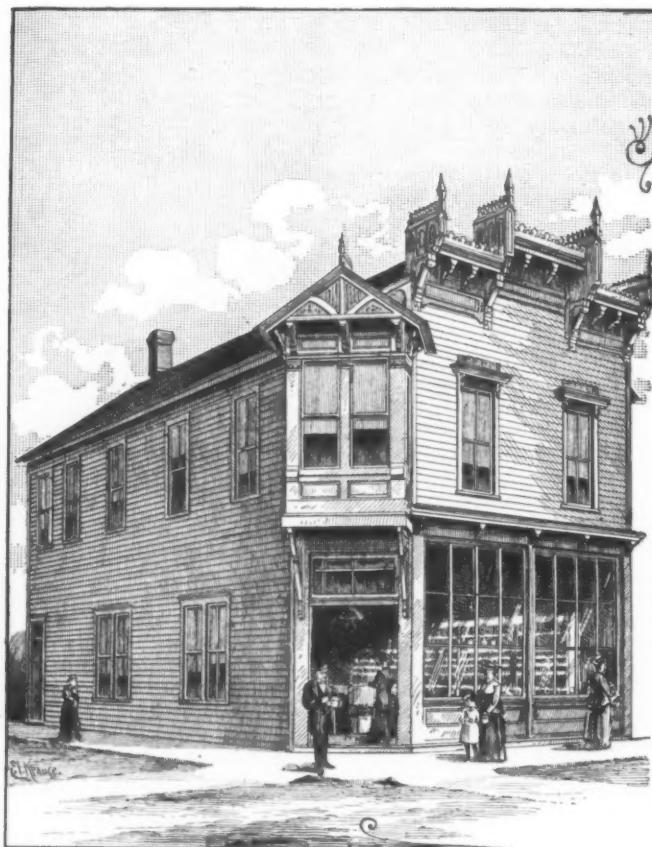
SAMUEL BENN, OF ABERDEEN.

Aberdeen was a very tedious one and necessitated a long stage ride over roads that were by no means too good. This has all been changed and a regular steamer runs daily from Tacoma and Olympia to Kamilchie, where close connection is made with the trains of the Puget Sound and Gray's Harbor railroad for Montesano, where a boat awaits the train and lands the passengers in Aberdeen by five o'clock in the evening. But even this will shortly be improved upon and there will be railroads running directly into Aberdeen before the coming summer is over. Seven or eight roads are now incorporated to run to Gray's Harbor, most of which make their terminus at Aberdeen, and the road now running to Montesano is to be extended this spring to the town. Two hundred acres of land have been contributed by the Aberdeen people as an inducement to build the additional sixteen miles necessary. The terms are arranged and the road will be built as soon as fine weather sets in.

No other town in the great West has made a more remarkable progress in this past year as Aberdeen and to-day its prospects appear brighter than ever before. She is the Queen City of the Gray's Harbor country and has the progressive people that make use of all the resources at their command and are capable of changing an insignificant village into a slightly metropolis.



CAPT. J. M. WEATHERWAX, OF ABERDEEN.



ABERDEEN.—PRATCH &amp; CO.'S BUILDING.

## ABERDEEN PERSONALS.

## CAPT. JOHN M. WEATHERWAX.

The most prominent man in Aberdeen is Capt. John M. Weatherwax, President of the J. M. Weatherwax Lumber Company. Capt. Weatherwax was born in the year 1826, in Clinton County, N.Y., on the borders of Lake Champlain. When still a boy his father removed to New Albion, in Western New York, and later to the new State of Michigan, where he bought a farm about a mile from Adrian. Young Weatherwax, after attending the public school and when nineteen years old, commenced the study of medicine and after three years attended a medical college at Cleveland, Ohio. After graduating he practiced his profession for three years and that very successfully. He, however, was induced to join his brother who had a lumber business in Michigan, and purchased a half interest in a back pinery in Ottawa County, Michigan, below Grand Rapids. After nine years of logging and milling the war broke out and Representative Kellogg offered George Weatherwax, brother to J. M., a commission as captain of infantry and himself as second lieutenant. Captain Weatherwax accepted and became second lieutenant in Gen. R. A. Alger's, then Captain Alger's company. Gen. Phil. Sheridan was colonel of the regiment. On Gen. Alger's promotion Lieutenant Weatherwax was made captain of the company and served three years and three months, during which time he smelled lots of powder and was twice wounded. He was mustered out just before the war closed and returned to Michigan, where he again went into the lumber business, having at that time about \$23,000. He invested his money in pine lands which rapidly increased in value and when he came out to the Pacific Coast he had three mills, each cutting 40,000 feet daily in Michigan and several large mercantile establishments. He came to Aberdeen in 1885, and started his mill in that town, disposing of his timber lands in Michigan a year later. He still owns two brick and one frame store in that State and 2,000 acres of cleared land, which he farms and leases, and has a third interest in 15,000 acres of timber land in Arkansas. Capt. Weatherwax is hale and hearty and does as much work as any two men around still. During the war he was married to Miss M. E. Keys, with whom he lived happily till her death six years ago. He has four children, three boys and a girl, whose ages range from eleven to twenty-four, and all of whom live at home, his eldest son being his father's right hand man in all his business. A description of the mills and other establishments and property of the Captain will be found in the general description of Aberdeen and it only remains to be said that in him the town possesses one of the best friends a town ever had—a man head and front in every improvement, willing at all times to help it forward with brains and money.

days of Gray's Harbor. Among the many generous gifts made by Mr. Benn are lots for all the churches built in the town.

## J. A. HOOD.

The pioneer merchant of Aberdeen is J. A. Hood, who opened a general merchandise store in June, 1886, and continued in business until last spring when he closed out his stock of general goods and turned his attention entirely to the heavy and shelf hardware business. In connection with his hardware business he keeps a full line of loggers' supplies, which is one of the most complete on the coast. Mr. Hood came to Puget Sound from New Brunswick, his native home, but became enamored of the

Gray's Harbor country and decided to locate in its most promising town. His faith has been rewarded, and though he has been burned out once with most of his neighbors he has now a more prosperous business than ever. At the late Republican convention in Walla Walla, when the first Governor of the State and the first Congressman were nominated, Mr. Hood represented Chehalis County.

## BOYLE &amp; FILLEY.

Two of the oldest real estate and insurance men in Aberdeen are R. L. Boyle and George E. Filley, who under the name of Boyle & Filley have established an excellent business and retained the confidence of all their patrons. In connection with their business they have recently published a large plat of Aberdeen and Hoquiam, which gives all blocks and numbers in both cities. The work has been prepared for the engravers by Mr. Anderson, the artist who illustrates Aberdeen in this number of THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE. Anyone desiring to obtain one of these excellent plats can have it by addressing Boyle & Filley, Aberdeen, Wash., and will also receive an extra copy of this issue of THE NORTHWEST free. Both members are excellent business men and thoroughly understand the work in which they are engaged.

## MRS. PRATCH &amp; CO.

About eight months ago Mrs. Pratch, wife of the ex-postmaster of Aberdeen, erected a new store opposite the Pioneer Hotel, at the corner of Wishkah and F streets, in Aberdeen, which she stocked with a large supply of staple and fancy groceries, canned goods, flour and feed and general stationery. The store is 50x30 feet and is well located. Under the name of Mrs. Pratch & Company a fine trade has been built up and an excellent connection established, which has grown to large proportions each month. It is in fact the grocery store of the town.

## RICHARD T. DABNEY.

Pushing, energetic business men always succeed in new towns like Aberdeen, where there is something to succeed in, and to this class belongs Richard T. Dabney, who with his brother, J. B. Dabney, after a successful business career in Montana, came to Aberdeen and made some considerable purchases of real estate on Gray's Harbor. They at once commenced to improve their property and afterwards organized the Aberdeen Land and Improvement Company, which erected the new Hotel Dabney in that flourishing town. In every enterprise the two brothers have been close companions. To this is largely due their success. Born in Iowa, they nine years ago had to borrow money with which to reach Montana, where they were successful farmers, ranchers and stock raisers and lumber dealers. Today they have property in six different States, including several thousand acres of land on and near Gray's Harbor. Mr. Dabney is thirty-four years of age.

## EVANS &amp; LEWIS.

The firm of Evans & Lewis, the well known real estate dealers of Aberdeen, consists of R. H. Evans and John G. Lewis. Both were saw mill men from East Saginaw, Michigan, and both came out to Gray's Harbor five years



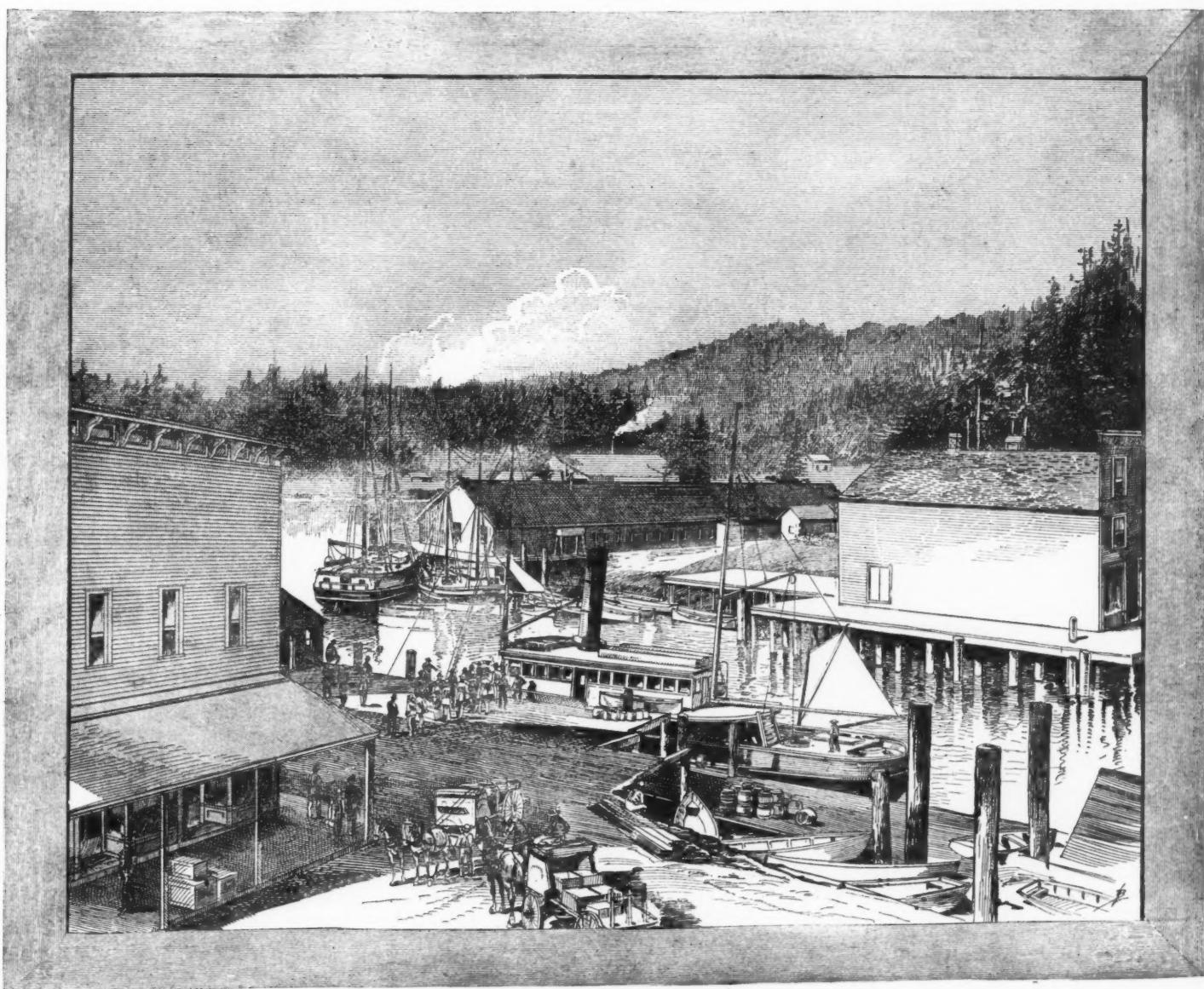
ABERDEEN.—SARGENT'S HOTEL.

ago, the former to work at the Hoquiam Mill and the latter to build the A. J. West saw mill in Aberdeen, where he helped to saw the first lumber. Latterly they have been engaged in the real estate business, not so much as brokers as dealers on their own account, buying land and platting and selling it. Many of the most valuable improvements in the town have been made by them. Recently they platted fifty-three acres of land just west of the present town limits, which they have placed on the market under the name of Evans & Lewis addition. Mr. Evans has served one term as a member of the town council and Mr. Lewis is deputy sheriff, a stockholder and vice-president in the Electric Light Company and one of the trustees of the Water Company. He also has an interest in the large vessel now building at Weatherwax's yard. Both are young, active, energetic men, the men who succeed in new, live towns.

#### AN UNEXPLORED COUNTRY.

Washington has her great unknown land like the interior of Africa. The country shut in by the Olympic Mountains, which includes an area of about 2,500 square miles, has never, to the positive knowledge of old residents of the State, been trodden by the foot of man, white or Indian. These mountains rise from the level country, within ten or fifteen miles from the Straits of Juan de Fuca in the north, the Pacific Ocean in the west, Hood's Canal in the east and the basin of the Quinalt Lake in the south, and, rising to a height of 6,000 or 8,000 feet, shut in a vast unexplored area.

rain and clouds constantly hang over the mountain tops, all the streams flowing towards the four points of the compass are insignificant, and rise only on the outward slopes of the range, none appearing to drain the great area shut in by the mountains. This fact appears to support the theory that the streams flowing from the inner slopes of the mountains feed a great interior lake. But what drains this lake? It must have an outlet somewhere, and as all the streams pouring from the mountains rise on their outward slopes, it must have a subterranean outlet into the ocean, the Straits or the Sound. There are great discoveries in store for some of Washington's explorers. A gentleman named Drew, now residing at Olym-



ABERDEEN.—VIEW ON THE WISHKAH RIVER.

#### NONSENSE RHYMES.

There was a young female named Idaa,  
Who was fond of imbibing hard cida;  
She took a large draught,  
And then loudly laugh,  
For she saw several snakes and a spider.

There was a young man of Calais,  
Who was handsome and gallant and gais;  
His hair hung in curlis,  
And he mashed all the guris,  
And when the sun shone he made hais.

There was an old lady of Smyrna,  
Who never had seen a gas-byra;  
So she blew out the gas,  
The stupid old as,  
And died of asphyxia—dyrnal!

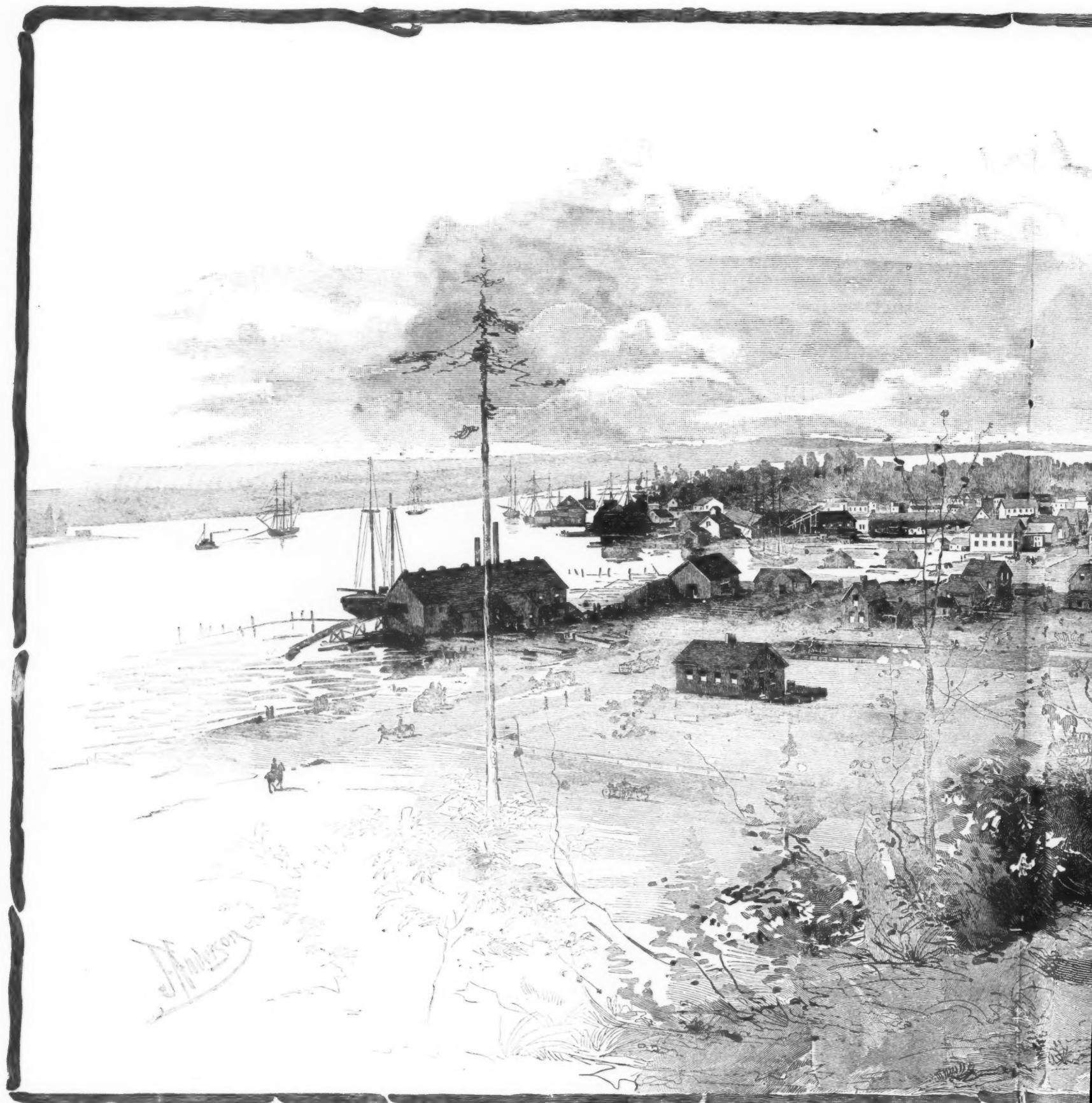
W. E. P. F.

The Indians have never penetrated it, for their traditions say it is inhabited by a very fierce tribe, which none of the coast tribes dare molest. Though it is improbable that such a tribe could have existed in this mountain country without their presence becoming known to the white men, no man has ever ascertained that it did not exist. White men, too, have only vague accounts of any man having ever passed through this country, for investigation of all the claims of travelers has invariably proved that they have only traversed its outer edges.

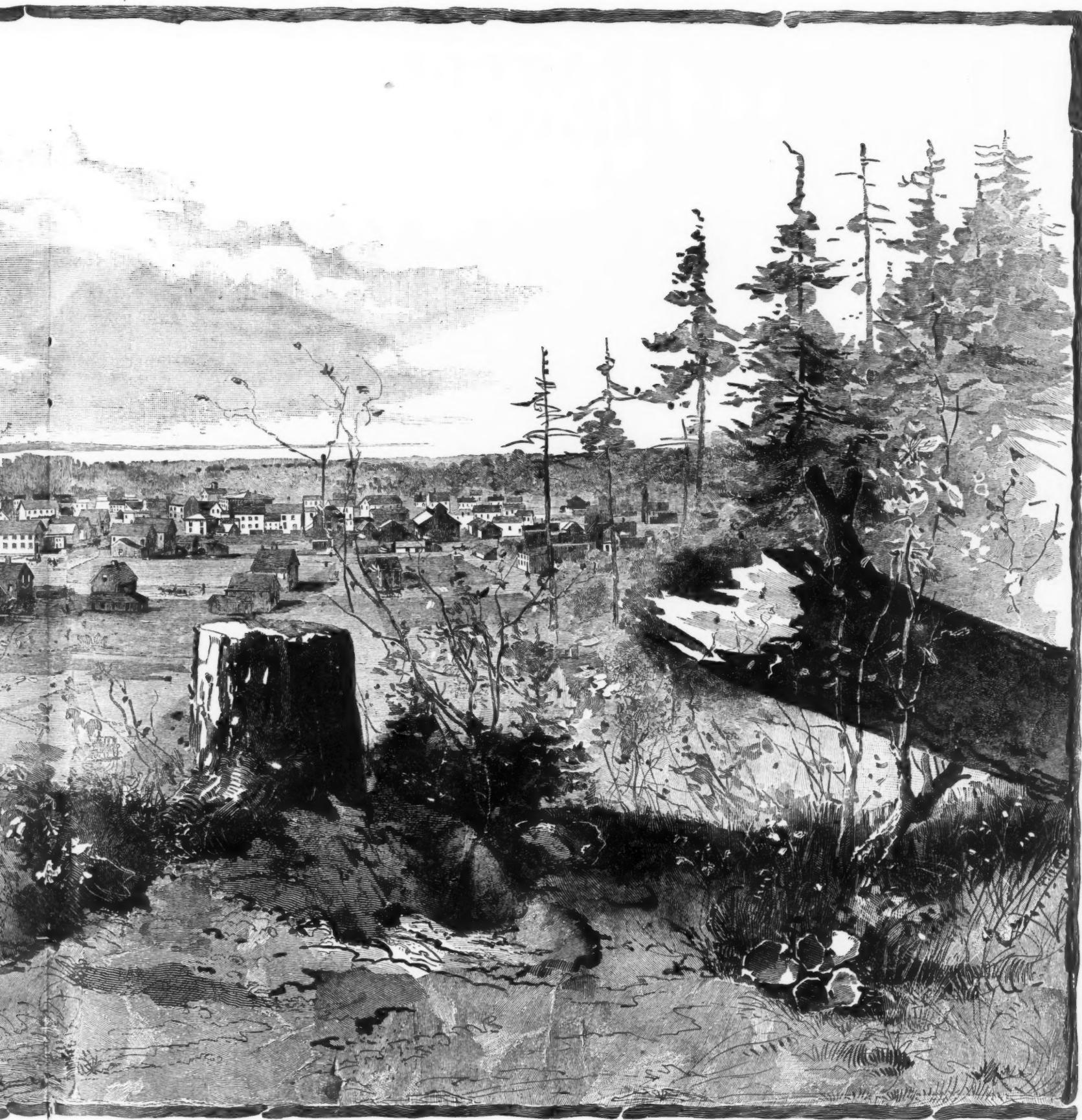
The most generally accepted theory in regard to this country is that it consists of great valleys stretching from the inward slopes of the mountains to a great central basin. This theory is supported by the fact that, although the country around has abundant

pia, states that he has climbed to the summit of the eastern range from Hood's Canal, and looking down could see a great valley stretching toward the west. A party of railroad prospectors claim to have penetrated the interior but could give no account of it, and appear only to have skirted the outer slopes, ten or fifteen miles from Hood's Canal. A party of United States soldiers is said to have traversed the country from Port Townsend, but no data are obtainable as to what they saw.

Numerous attempts have been made to organize exploring parties, but they have invariably fallen through, the courage of the projectors oozing out at the last moment. There is a fine opportunity for some of the hardy citizens of the Sound to acquire fame by unveiling the mystery which wraps the land encircled by the snow-capped range.



VIEW OF ABERDEEN, WASHINGTON, THE NEW CITY AT



THE NEW CITY AT THE HEAD OF GRAY'S HARBOR.

B. F. JOHNSTON & CO.,

**REAL ESTATE BROKERS**

— AND —

**FINANCIAL AGENTS,**

ABERDEEN, WASH.

OWNERS OF THE MOST POPULAR ADDITIONS EVER PUT ON THIS MARKET.

SOUTH ABERDEEN.

France's Addition to Aberdeen,  
Broadway Addition to Cosmopolis,  
First Addition to South Aberdeen.

CHOICE BUSINESS PROPERTY AT BED-ROCK PRICES.

We Make a Specialty of Investments for Non-residents and are placing more money for Eastern parties than any two firms on this Harbor.

We own the best Water Frontage and Acre Property in this Vicinity, and are prepared to give Free Sites on Deep Water to Manufacturing Industries.

REFERENCES: J. M. Weatherwax Lumber Co., C. T. Wooding & Co., Bankers.

*Correspondence solicited.*

MALING & TAFT,

**REAL ESTATE**  
—AND—  
**INVESTMENTS.**

AGENTS FOR SAMUEL BENN,

the townsite proprietor of the city of Aberdeen, who owns and controls  
**MORE BUSINESS LOTS AND RESIDENCE TRACTS**  
than any firm in the city.

Agents for the splendid property of J. B. STEWART, consisting of more than 600 acres.  
MALING & TAFT controls more property than any firm in Aberdeen.

**FOUR YEARS AGO ABERDEEN WAS A WILDERNESS.**

To-day it has more mills, more people, more homes, more enterprise, and pays out more  
money to workingmen than any two cities in Washington,  
west of Puget Sound.

*Electric Lights. Perfect Water system against fire. Pure Water for domestic uses.*

*Write for information and printed matter. Address*

MALING & TAFT,

ABERDEEN, WASHINGTON.



## YOU CAN SHUT YOUR EYES AND FIND REAL ESTATE INVESTMENTS,

But you will rarely find them backed at one and the same time by inexhaustible Forests of the finest Timber in the world, fertile Fields, extensive Coal and Iron deposits, unsurpassed Manufacturing and Commercial opportunities, a healthful and invigorating Climate, an intelligent and progressive Population and the whole located upon one of the **FINEST HARBORS IN THE WORLD**, and with its many miles of navigable Rivers and all situated at the Head of Deep Sea Navigation. The cities of **COSMOPOLIS** and **ABERDEEN**, on Gray's Harbor, will soon be united and become the **METROPOLIS OF WESTERN WASHINGTON**. **COSMOPOLIS** with its beautiful lawns and gardens will be the Oakland, while **ABERDEEN** with its natural manufacturing facilities a San Francisco.

These facts are the corner stones upon which the Real Values of these cities are based. It will pay you to look at this proposition before making your investments elsewhere, as annually the **Population, Capital invested, Mineral development, Acreage under cultivation, Manufacturing Industries, Ocean and River Traffic** and general material Progress attained throughout the entire surrounding region, must double, and up will go and are going **Real Estate Values**.

We have some choice Acreage, Farming Lands, from 160 to 5,000 acres of choice Timber Lands--separate or in a body, and City Property which is sure to pay the investor **50 per cent. in one year**.

*For full information address*

L. J. WEATHERWAX & CO.,  
Real Estate Brokers,  
Aberdeen and Cosmopolis, Washington.

# THE GRAY'S HARBOR COUNTRY.



**There is no section of the country to-day attracting so much attention as the GRAY'S HARBOR COUNTRY IN WASHINGTON.**

This magnificent body of water, a completely land-locked Harbor, lying about midway between San Francisco and the Puget Sound cities, is now attracting the attention of capitalists, and men and money is flowing into this new section of country.

**THE NATURAL RESOURCES** are chiefly lumbering and fishing, although with the shipping facilities offered all branches of manufacturing industries will soon be established.

## ABERDEEN,

Situated at the head of the Harbor, is the principal town and the nucleus around which will grow the commercial metropolis of Gray's Harbor and the grand Chehalis Valley. A perusal of the pages of this magazine will give you an idea of our location, industries and commerce, which is but in its infancy.

Now is the time to make investments in Aberdeen, while property is cheap, and before all desirable locations for factories are selected. The growth and development of this grand country has just begun, which with the advent of railroads, connecting at Aberdeen with deep sea vessels, will advance rapidly and build here a commercial city of vast proportions. We invite you to come and share the prosperity that is inevitable. If you cannot come now send to us for descriptive matter and plats of the town and Harbor.

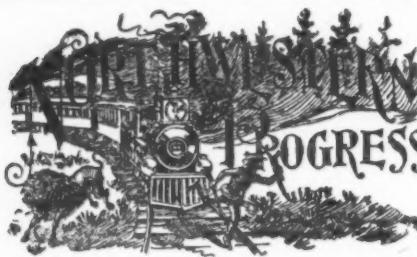
We are daily making investments for non-residents, which return handsome profits. We do our business through the bank of Aberdeen, to whom we refer.



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Real Estate Agents  
and Dealers,

**ABERDEEN, WASHINGTON.**



## Wisconsin.

The building statistics of Superior for the season of 1889 have just been prepared and foot up \$3,147,150, a slight increase over last year. The building growth has been more of a filling in process this year and a natural tendency to the construction of better buildings has been very marked. The total West end improvements foot up \$2,162,000. The East end, under the influence of the real estate movement occasioned by the organization of the Superior Consolidated Land Company, experienced quite a lively building growth late in the season. The growth was largely of dwelling houses and approximates about \$100,000. From present appearances building operations will be carried on this winter quite extensively. The Eastern Minnesota Railway Company is pushing its new flour dock and will continue the work without cessation until it is completed. The Standard Oil Company whose expenditure for the season was \$124,000, will engage in dock building this winter also. The West Superior Iron and Steel Company, with its expenditure for the year of 1889 of \$225,000, has heavy improvements for another year mapped out, which will include blast furnaces, coke ovens, docks and warehouses. The plant will be devoted principally to the manufacture of steel rails and piping, but will branch into the manufacture of any and all iron and steel products that can profitably be produced. The plant is now engaged in the manufacture of its own equipment and construction materials. South Superior, the new suburb to which was given birth about four weeks ago, and to which point the La Belle and Fish Wagon companies are to remove, is developing fast. The companies are under contract to have effected the removal of machinery to the new location from Fond du Lac and Racine by May 1, 1890. Short line trains now run to South Superior, and that point is now a scene of busy operations.—*Cor. Pioneer Press.*

## Minnesota.

THE large number of flouring mills that have been constructed recently, and are now being constructed in different parts of our State, is indeed a good omen, and will not only prove profitable to the owners, but of great convenience to the people generally.—*Morris Tribune.*

THE CROOKSTON, FORT STEVENSON AND MONTANA RAILROAD COMPANY has been organized at Crookston. The company intends to equip and operate a line of railroad from Crookston directly west to the Missouri River in North Dakota, thus tapping the coal fields of that section.

THE UNION DEPOT at St. Paul handles more trains per day than any depot in the United States, excepting Broad Street Depot in Philadelphia. St. Paul numbers 218 trains and 650 cars; Canal Street, Chicago, 189 trains and 961 cars; Indianapolis, 136 trains and 894 cars; Kansas City 115 trains and 584 cars; Minneapolis 103 trains and 432 cars.

THE MINNESOTA POTATO STARCH factories have been operated very successfully this year. Long before digging was done the Anoka factory had made 400,000 pounds. The new factory at Elk River has done well; its first shipment of 36,000 pounds was sold above the market price. The Hastings factory has been operated to its full capacity, using from 1,000 to 1,200 bushels potatoes daily, paying eighteen cents a bushel. It will be enlarged next year. The output of the Monticello factory will be much larger than last year.—*Northwestern Agriculturist.*

AN EASTERN MAN can form no correct idea of Duluth from maps and heresay, but let him see the substantial work going on there, and the capital being invested, and he will fully understand that the prosperity of Duluth is not an idle boast, that there is no "boom" of land for the advancement of a few and the ruin of many, that she has her foundation under her feet and not over her head, and that to-day she has buildings rapidly nearing completion, railroad terminal and dock improvement well under way, which represent the expenditure of over \$7,000,000 in twelve month's time. Duluth will be a ruling power in our land.—*Duluth Herald.*

THERE is likely to be something of a town spring up on the Mississippi River at the point where the Duluth & Winnipeg Railroad crosses that stream, which will have its being largely in the lumber business. From this point will, in the future, be distributed the men and the supplies for all the lumber camps on the head waters of the Mississippi, which have, heretofore, been reached by the

steamboat and the tedious tote road. Some of the activity which has been characteristic of Brainerd and Aitkin, during the winter, will be transferred to this new town, which has been named after H. C. Akeley, although Brainerd will still be the seat of the lumbering operations on Pine River, and Aitkin will be the entre port for some of the lumbering region between the Northern Pacific Railway and Pokegema Falls.—*Minneapolis Lumberman.*

MINNESOTA POTATOES.—Minnesota potatoes will be eaten this winter in all parts of the United States from Lake Moosemeguntok, in Maine, to the coast of California; and from the everglades of Florida to the frozen regions of Alaska. Immense shipments of "Murphies" have been made from our State so Boston and distributed all over New England. In fact they have been shipped in every direction. Minnesota is not only furnishing potatoes for the country, but she is supplying it with bread stuffs. If settled as thickly as some parts of Europe, all engaged in tilling the soil, enough would be raised in this State to supply the entire population of the United States. Wonderful State is Minnesota—wonderful soil, wonderful climate, wonderful resources, and she is making wonderful progress in everything that goes to make great State. Speaking of potatoes, we noticed that a train of eighteen cars, all loaded with potatoes, passed through Fargo recently over the Northern Pacific, on their way to Helena and Butte, Montana. In all there were 9,000 bushels. Each car was heated by a stove.—*Morris Tribune.*

THE BRUSH ELECTRIC COMPANY of Cleveland, Ohio, the pioneer lighting company of the world, have opened a branch office at No. 607 New York Life Insurance Building, St. Paul, and have appointed Mr. Irwin J. Beaumont their agent for Minnesota and the Dakotas. Estimates for plants, either Arc, Incandescence, or Alternating, for the territory named will hereafter be furnished from the St. Paul office, and the company's many friends in the Northwest will kindly bear this in mind. The Brush has more plants in the Northwest than any other company.

## North Dakota.

FARGO is to have a \$250,000 opera house. It will be completed next summer.

IT is claimed that South Dakota has 134,825 sheep, which would keep twenty-five woolen factories running each day in the year. It is also estimated that North Dakota has as many sheep as South Dakota, and has only just started in the sheep business. In a few years the traveler in North Dakota will see woolen mills in every little town, and see them doing a thriving business at that.—*McLean County News.*

A HANSON COUNTY, DAKOTA FARMER, irrigated five acres of wheat in a crude way with water from a flowing well, and harvested thirty-eight bushels per acre. From this and other instances which has come under his personal observation, Mr. Clark is led to remark: "If the general Government will give South Dakota what it spends for the benefit of the Sioux Indians in one year—\$14,000,000—we will put three artesian wells in each township, and in a few years we shall be the wealthiest State in the Union."

## Montana.

ON DECEMBER 6th, the track on the Cœur d'Alene branch of the Northern Pacific was laid into Frenchtown. Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock the first passenger train for Frenchtown left the Missoula depot. The run of seventeen miles to Frenchtown was made in less than an hour's time. As the train stopped at the destined place, the residents of Frenchtown were on hand to receive their visitors. Men who have been residents of the "burgh" from the time it was first settled were there and the expressions of their faces told forcibly the delight they felt over the advent of a railroad to their town. Frenchtown is delightfully situated, and although its progress has been rather slow, the completion of the road to the place will surely benefit it.

## Idaho.

THE FIRST MATTING FURNACE in Idaho has been running successfully for a month past at Mineral in the Seven Devils copper district. The works have a capacity of smelting thirty tons a day, which capacity may easily be doubled.

MISSOULA has got the "boom fever" very bad. The people build great hopes on capturing the trade and traffic of Cœur d'Alene. In this they are liable to be fooled. Cœur d'Alene is building up a little metropolis herself at Wallace, and her business men buy direct from the great houses in the East at bottom figures. Our merchants propose to hold the trade of this camp and even reach over into Montana for some of the St. Regis business. Let the boomers keep their eyes on Wallace, the grandest mining center in prospective in the world and its five railroads, with a probability of six. Nature has backed Wallace against all competitors and her business men don't let the grass grow under their feet. Watch her growth.—*Wallace Free Press.*

## Oregon.

THE AWKWARD NAME of the Oregon Railway & Navigation Company is now to disappear from the transportation nomenclature of the Pacific Coast. All the lines of that corporation have been leased for some time past to the Union Pacific and the latter company will now operate them under its own name. The same thing is to be done with the road of the Oregon Short Line.

## Washington.

TACOMA'S EXPOSITION BUILDING is to cover 8,000 square feet, and to cost \$125,000.

ABOUT 500 ACRES of coal lands have been filed on within the last ninety days on the Cowlitz and Ahtanum rivers, in the eastern end of Lewis and the western part of Yakima counties.

SPOKANE FALLS will have a large woolen mill. A syndicate of Eastern men have brought thirty-six blocks near the river, and as a consequence neighboring property has trebled in value.

IT IS UNDERSTOOD that the Union Pacific will next spring commence the construction of a line from Wallula up Snake River to Riparia, in order to compete with other lines extending into the Palouse Country.

AN EFFORT will be made at the next meeting of Congress to get appropriations to remove the obstructions to navigation on the upper Columbia River—not only at Cabinet Rapids and Rock Island, but all the way to Kettle Falls, just below old Fort Colville.

THE LINE of the Puget Sound & Gray's Harbor, from Kamilche on Puget Sound to Gray's Harbor, is graded as far as Montesano, and construction trains are running to Elma, twelve miles from Montesano, and passenger trains will soon be running to that place.

THE YAKIMA HERALD says that the town of Orondo, on the bank of the Columbia River in Douglas County, is the scene of a glorification over the arrival of its first female inhabitant. Another is expected in a few weeks, when all business will be suspended and a week devoted to festivities.

THERE has been invested in Tacoma realty thus far this year about \$12,000,000; in buildings about \$5,000,000; in the improvement of the Northern Pacific facilities another million; in street improvements, including street railways and the Light and Water Company's extensions and additions, another million.

STEPS have been taken at Medical Lake for the construction of water works, operations to commence at once. The Medical Lake power company will create the improvement. The company putting in the water works has also taken initiatory steps leading to the construction of a hotel and sanitarium which will cost \$100,000.

JOHN LEARY, of Seattle, has ordered a \$60,000 boat for the trade between Tacoma and Seattle. She is to be a world-beater, the fastest stern-wheeler in the world—175 feet long, thirty ft. beam and eight ft. hold, and equipped with a 1,200 horse power engine. This is the outcome of the recent agitation in Seattle regarding the Sound trade.

THE TOWN of flowing wells is a cognomen that can be properly and truthfully applied to Pullman. Another artesian well was struck last month on R. Lanning's property on Grand Street. At a depth of ninety feet the water commenced to flow but as the drill was still in hard rock it was decided to bore through to the sand strata. The deeper it was bored the stronger did the water flow until it was about as strong as the other well, which is fifty-five gallons per minute.

A NEW CORPORATION, called the Puget Sound & Alaska Steamship Company is about to put a line of first-class boats on the line between Tacoma and Alaska ports, working in harmony with the Northern Pacific Railroad Company. C. H. Prescott is President of the company and Walter Oakes, a son of President T. F. Oakes, of the N. P., is Secretary and Treasurer. The headquarters of the company will be at Tacoma. One of the best of the Hudson River steamboats, the City of Kingston, has been purchased for the line and sent out around Cape Horn.

IN ANSWER to the question, does raising wheat pay. Walter F. Burrell furnishes the following statement of the expense connected with raising 1,360 acres of wheat on Bunnel's estate near Oakesdale in the Palouse country, and the receipts for crops: All the labor was performed by neighboring ranchers at prices which caused the work to be much sought after. Total expenses, \$20,429.91, an average of \$10.87 per acre. Total yield, 52,550 bushels of wheat, an average of twenty-eight and one-seventh bushels per acre; sold and sacked at fifty-three cents per bushel, giving profit of \$7,400, or \$4 per acre. Counting the land worth \$20 per acre, allowing interest at ten per cent. there is a net profit of \$2 per acre. It must be

remembered that owing to the drought the yield was twelve bushels less than the usual average.

**Manitoba.**

A THRIVING business is still being done in snake root in Eastern Minnesota. The profits are not as large now as a couple of years ago, owing to the number who have gone into the trade. Several firms in Winnipeg now handle the commodity, but the greater quantity that is exported is shipped from Emerson. A half-breed trader living down that way has made \$20,000 in the trade. The price paid here is twenty-six and one-half cents per pound, and in Minneapolis it sells for from fifty to fifty-six cents, and sometimes more. The root is manufactured for medicinal purposes. It is gathered by Indians and half-breeds.

**NEW MANITOBA TOWNS.**—By the construction of the Morris-Brandon branch of the N. P. & M. railway ten or eleven new villages have sprung into existence. The stations on the road between Brandon and Morris, at each of which a plot has been surveyed into lots for dwellings and business purposes, are named as follows: Naughton, Martin, Wawa, Nesa, Hilton, Belmont, Greenway, Marieapolis, Swan Lake, Somerset, Miami, and Myrtle. Wawa, Nesa and Miami are the two most important places at present. The town sites are owned by the railway company, who, in order to have the towns or villages grow up compactly, have only surveyed from four to six blocks close to the depots in each place, and the ground on one side of the depot has been laid out for elevators, sidings, etc. As soon as the surveyed lots are taken up the next adjoining blocks will be sub-divided.

The size of the lots on business streets is 25x100 and on other streets 50x120. The town of Naughton is at Rountwaite postoffice and is named after Mr. McNaught, President of the company. Martin is named after the Attorney-General, and Greenway after the Premier.

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Aberdeen is surrounded by a superior stock and dairy country. Aberdeen has in its tributary territory some of the finest thoroughbred cattle, horses and sheep to be found in the West.

Aberdeen has a genial, invigorating and healthy climate. For lung and throat troubles the air is unsurpassed, nor do malarial complaints originate.

Aberdeen has never had any "boom" and consequently no reaction. Its growth has been steady, uniform and

permanent, nor is it ahead of the country, which can easily be seen by the substantial character of farm improvements in all directions.

Aberdeen has splendid schools, good churches, strong banks, plenty of sidewalks, fine hotels, two daily papers, large mercantile houses, and a variety of industrial establishments.

Aberdeen has railroad lines running in all directions, which afford excellent shipping advantages and freight rates which enable local wholesale dealers and manufacturers to compete with the large cities. Its roads belong to the greatest systems from both Chicago and St. Paul.

Aberdeen is the principal town of Brown County, which has an area greater than the State of Rhode Island, and is one of the richest and most progressive agricultural communities of the two Dakotas.

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Aberdeen is far enough away from any other town of sufficient importance to fear competitive business or manufacturing rivalry.

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Orator—"You are workingmen—(applause)—and because you are workingmen—(great applause)—therefore you must work." Loud cries of "Put him out," and general chorus of indignation.

CAUGHT A WHALE.

Says the Seattle Journal: One of the Leviathans of the deep made a tour of the Sound the other day, and on Tuesday night entered Salmon Bay. The tide receded and left the whale entrapped in the bay. Wednesday morning the men at Gilman Park discovered the big mammal and lost no time in fencing him in and he is now a captive. The whale is fully fifty feet in length. The marine monster has been viewed by a large number of people. Just what to do with their prisoner the men who penned him in have not yet decided.

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## LIMITS TO HIS RAGE.

Angry subscriber to editor—"I'm mad all the way through, an' I want my paper stopped."  
"Yes, sir; do you want to pay what you owe?"  
"No; I ain't mad enough for that."

## THEY WERE IN PROPER FORM.

"I have a few jokes for your honorable department," he said, producing some very neat looking manuscript. The editor looked the sketches over and said he was unable to discover anything of a humorous nature about them. "That is very strange," said the gifted funny man; "are they not in dialogue form?"

## MARRIAGE NOT A FAILURE.

"How is your darter Nancy gettin' 'long since she married an' moved out ter Californy?" said the first Indiana man. "Is she doing well?"

"Doing well! Why, bless ye, she's gettin' 'long perfectly lovely. Her first husband died, leavin' her \$5,000 in cold cash, an' 'twarn't three months 'fore she tied on ter a consumptive worth \$10,000. Oh, but she's a rattler, that gal is!"

## A POOR OUTLOOK FOR FUN.

Bobby—"Ma, will I go to heaven when I die?"  
Mother—"If you are a good boy you will."  
"Will you go, too?"  
"I hope so, Bobby."  
"And will pa?"  
"Yes, we will all be there some time."  
(Bobby didn't seem altogether satisfied, but after some thought he said): "I don't see how I'm going to have much fun."—*Texas Siftings*.

## A RARE KIND OF A GIRL.

"Miss Johnson, do you play the piano?"  
"No, George."  
"Do you embroider?"  
"No, George."  
"Do you decorate china?"  
"No, George."  
"Do you put your hair up in curl papers?"  
"No, George."  
"Miss Johnson, do you object to marrying me?"  
"No, George."—*St. Paul Pioneer Press*.

## A POSER FOR ST. PAUL.

While hurrying through a blinding rainstorm a Cleveland young man saw an inebriated individual clinging to a lamppost for dear life.

"What are you doing in the rain?" he said, stopping a moment.

"Iz waiting fer m' house to go by," answered the old soak.

The gentleman kindly took him by the arm and escorted him home. Once inside the door he turned around and said:

"Shay, misher, whaz yer name?"

"St. Paul."

"St. Paul; shas so. Shay, misher St. Paul, did y' ever get an answer to that epistle you wrote to the Ephesians?"

## GETTING EVEN WITH TWO YANKEES.

Old Joe Lambarge, of French descent, was a well-known and skillful pilot playing on the Missouri River. Being at the wheel several years ago, in the time of the first overland emigration to Oregon, two inquisitive Yankees, bound "further West," was near the pilot house examining a not very reliable "Travler's Guide and Map," as the boat came in sight of the ancient town of St. Charles.

"What town is that, pilot?" says Yankee No. 1 to old Joe.

"San Sharl, sare," answered Lambarge.

"I guess you must be mistaken, p'lot. Our map puts it down as Portage des Sioux."

"Vel, me no care vat you map he says, bot I travel dis riviere twenty, thirty year, on de keelboat and de Makina boat, and dis town we always call him Sand Sharl."

The next day the boat reached Jefferson City, and the same two Yankees being on the hurricane deck with the same map between them again enquired of old Joe the name of the place they were approaching.

"Dat is Jef-farsonne Seetay, sare," says the pilot.

"I guess you must be mistaken again," says Yankee No. 2.

"Our map calls that town Boonville, I thi' k."

"Old Joe said nothing this time, but thought very hard how he should snub these Paul Prys. They soon gave him an opportunity. Turning their eyes to the opposite side of the river they saw a large flock of pelicans sunning themselves on a sandbar.

"Oh! what kind of birds do you call them there, pilot?" says one of them.

"Look on your map," says old Joe; "maybe he tell you de name."

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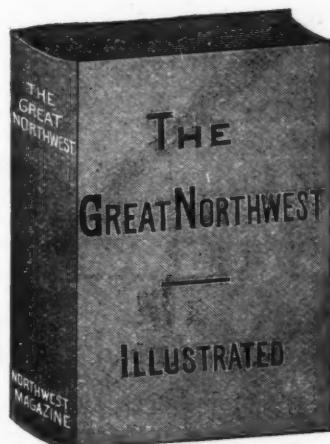
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[No. 1649.]

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Since the opening of the Northern Pacific Railroad to Montana and the coast, the tide of westward migration that was so rapidly filling the Dakota land has very largely followed the natural disposition to push on under the enchantment of distance. This has seemed very absurd and lamentable to the regretful observer on this side of the Missouri. He has been unable to credit any visions of a better land beyond. Probably railroad interests have been an active encouragement to the movement toward the Pacific slope, but with the advent of the two new States of that region, coming in hand-in-hand with the Dakotas, the fact is being recognized that there are really attractions and possibilities that will develop great and prosperous commonwealths out beyond the Rockies. The growth of Washington has been surprising. In the blaze of burning cities there is lighted up a panorama that explains why emigration has trembled so strongly in that direction, and great centers of population have been planted at Seattle, Tacoma and Spokane Falls and elsewhere. There are also climatic advantages that will make it a favorite with a class that requires milder tonics than the regions this side of the mountains afford. Parties that have gone out there from Illinois the past year report newness of life and seeming restoration of decaying forces. Montana, too, has unlimited mineral resources and marked facilities for the development of animal industries. It is already one of the wealthiest States in the Union, and its capacities are yet but hinted at. But the future of the Dakotas is also assured. The temporary halt will but give quicker impulsion to the blood in the new departure. The nation may well be proud of the galaxy of new States that fill the gap between the heart and western rim of the republic.

The Seattle *Press* says there is in Washington an area of about 2,500 miles square, shut in by the Olympic Mountains, which has never been traversed by either white men or Indians. The Olympic Mountains rise from the level country within ten to fifteen miles from the Straits of Juan de Fuca in the north, the Pacific Ocean in the west, Hood's Canal in the east and the basin of the Quinault Lake in the south, reaching a height of 6,000 to 8,000 feet, and inclosing this vast, unexplored region. It certainly seems strange that nothing should be known at the present time of this great area, and there is a fine opportunity for explorers to acquire fame by penetrating the veil of mystery in which it is wrapped.

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### ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Here are a few dates of interest:

1776—The United States of America.

1824—The United States of Mexico.

1861—The United States of Columbia.

1864—The United States of Venezuela.

1889—The United States of Brazil.

Will there ever be the United States of North and South America, and how soon.

\* \* \*

Did you ever think of it, the manner in which the figure "9" has fastened itself on to us? It is in our dates and it has come to stay. No man or woman now living will date a document without using the figure 9. It now stands on the extreme right—1889. Next year it will be in the third place, where it will remain ten years. It will then move up to the second place—1900—and there it will rest one hundred years.

\* \* \*

The Hoquiam *Washingtonian* took the dimensions of a log in a boom that reached that place last week. It was 22 feet long, measured 113 inches through the butt, and the surveyor scaled it at 9,600 feet, which called for \$47.50 from the buyers. The log would cut more lumber than that, but its size necessitated its being blasted into at least three sections before it could be put through even the large twin saws of the mill. This was but one of at least five cuts from the same log, you have an idea of the magnitude of the tree, adding, of course, at least 100 feet for top and

limbs. This tree was sound and every inch of it available for lumber.

\* \* \*

Take a spool of white cotton thread. Drop it into your inside coat pocket, and, threading a needle with it, pass it up through the shoulder of your coat. Leave the end an inch or so long on the outside of your coat and take off the needle. Four men out of five will try to pick that whole thread off your shoulder, and will pull on the spool until it actually does seem as though your clothes are all bastings and that they were unravelling not only your clothes, but yourself.

\* \* \*

The slow flapping of a butterfly's wing produces no sound, but when the movements are rapid a noise is produced, which increases in shrillness with the number of vibrations. Thus the house fly, which produces the sound F, vibrates its wings 21,120 times a minute, or 335 times in a second; and the bee, which makes the sound of A, as many as 26,400 times, or 440 times in a second. On the contrary, a tired bee hums on E, and therefore, according to theory, vibrates its wings only 330 times in a second. Marcy the naturalist, after many attempts, has succeeded by a delicate mechanism in confirming these numbers graphically. He fixed a fly so that the tip of the wing just touched a cylinder, which was moved by clockwork. Each stroke of the wing caused a mark, of course very slight, but still quite perceptible, and thus showed that there were actually 330 strokes in a second, agreeing almost exactly with the number of vibrations inferred from the note produced.

The continued decrease in the supply of natural gas is greatly alarming the Pittsburgh manufacturers and causing them to face the probability that within a few years they will lose the great advantage which they have had over the manufacturers of most other places by reason of cheap fuel. Pittsburgh of course can return to the use of coal at a low cost, compared with that of places farther removed from the coal fields, but numerous manufacturing places which have recently sprung up in Pennsylvania and Ohio solely on account of the starting of natural gas wells will become deserted villages if the mysterious supply of the gaseous fuel ceases, as it seems likely to do generally.

\* \* \*

Orange Judd, the agricultural publisher whose name has been familiar for a generation, has of recent years given special attention to the Northwest, and in his last issue of his Chicago paper, in speaking of the impression that oblique solar rays make the winters undesirably severe, he says: "We have felt the cold more in the damp atmosphere of New Orleans and of London with the thermometer at 32 to 35 degrees above zero, than at St. Paul and Minneapolis when it marked 10 to 20 degrees below." There is no doubt as to that. By reason of the dryness and pureness of this atmosphere, except for pronounced invalids, who cannot endure strong stimulants, there is unsurpassed attraction for health, vigor and the most exhilarating life in the winter climate of this section."

SEATTLE,

## The New York of the Pacific.

Population 1880, 3,533. In 1886, 10,400. On January 1, 1888, 19,116; and the population July 1, 1888, 23,500. June 1, 1889, 35,000.

The Steamship and Railroad Center of the North Pacific. The Most Aggressive and Prosperous City in America.

Come and investigate, or send for printed descriptive matter. We have tons upon tons each month for circulation, free of cost to you.

Fortunes have been made by first investors in the leading Western cities, and so will investments prove if made now in Seattle. We have Business and Residence Lots in all the best Additions at from \$100 to \$1,000, as well as lots in any portion of Seattle; also Timber, Coal and Iron Lands; Farms improved and unimproved. We deal in Municipal Bonds and Securities, and Negotiate Loans.

**ESHELMAN, LLEWELLYN & CO.,**

**SEATTLE, WASH.**

References: Merchants National Bank, Bank of Commerce, of Seattle; or R. G. Dun & Co.

MacLEAN, REED & CO.,

## Real Estate and Insurance,

**NORTH YAKIMA, WASHINGTON.**

### **NOW IS THE ACCEPTED TIME TO INVEST.**

We have now listed for sale, in addition to the Northern Pacific Lands, of which we are the local agents, some of the most desirable residence and business lots in North Yakima, together with farm property and garden tracts.

**MacLEAN, REED & CO., North Yakima, Wash.**

Goodwin & Pugsley,

## REAL ESTATE BROKERS,

**NORTH YAKIMA, WASH.**

We Deal Only in Property at Conservative Valuations.

**A Large and Well-selected List of**

**FARM, SUBURBAN AND CITY PROPERTY**

**Constantly on Hand.**

References by permission: First National Bank, North Yakima; Chester A. Congdon, St. Paul, Minn.

*Correspondence solicited.*

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WESTERN TERMINUS OF THE NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD. Situated near the head of Puget Sound, on the tide-water of the Pacific Ocean. Ships more lumber and coal than any other port on the Pacific Coast, and more wheat than any other port except San Francisco. Direct imports of tea and other Asiatic commodities. Population, 25,000. Numerous important manufacturing industries. Large jobbing houses. Steam and electric motor street railways. Three colleges. Waterworks, gas and electric light.

[347.]  
**PACIFIC NATIONAL BANK,**  
Tacoma, Wash.

Paid up Capital, : : : \$100,000  
Surplus, : : : 40,000

C. P. MASTERSON, President.  
T. B. WALLACE, Vice-President.  
L. R. MANNING, Cashier.  
J. M. KERR, Asst. Cashier.

DIRECTORS:  
C. P. Masterson, T. B. Wallace, J. P. Stewart,  
W. D. Tyler, L. R. Manning.

**Tacoma National Bank,**  
TACOMA, - - - WASHINGTON.  
Capital, \$100,000. Surplus, \$100,000.  
Pres't, W. B. BLACKWELL. V. Pres., EDMUND RICE, JR.  
Cashier, W. FRASER. Ass't Cashier, H. O. FISHBACK.  
Directors—R. Wingate, G. E. Atkinson, I. W. Anderson,  
Edmund Rice, Jr., W. B. Blackwell.

No. 3172.  
**Merchants National Bank,**  
TACOMA, WASH.  
Merchants National Bank—oldest Bank in Tacoma.  
In their own building, Cor. Pacific Ave. and 11th St.  
Paid up Capital, - - - \$250,000.  
Surplus (over dividends), \$30,000.  
WALTER J. THOMPSON, Pres. HENRY DRUM, Vice-Pres.  
SAMUEL COLLYER, Cashier. R. J. DAVIS, Ass't Cashier.  
Directors—M. F. Hatch, Walter J. Thompson, Geo. F. Orchard, Henry Drum, Nelson Bennett, Samuel Collyer.  
Deposits (large or small) of individuals, firms or banks receive careful attention. Collects no made and proceeds promptly remitted. Interest on time deposits.

A. N. FITCH, Pres't. H. C. BOSTWICK, Vice-Pres't.  
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TRUSTEES:  
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Geo. Browne, H. L. Achilles, Henry Hewitt Jr., Paul  
Schulze, A. N. Fitch. TACOMA, WASH.

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SAVINGS BANK. Capital, \$100,000.  
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Manufacturers of and Dealers in all Kinds of  
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FRAMES, MOULDINGS, BRACKETS, STAIRS. Also Manufacturers of Cedar Tubs and Pails.  
Orders from Western States and Territories will receive prompt and careful attention.  
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—AND—

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Investments for Non-residents a Specialty.

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References: The Merchants National Bank, the Pacific National Bank.

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**Real Estate and Mining Brokers,**  
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We have carefully selected Farm Lands, Timber Tracts, Business, Residence Properties and Building Lots on sale.

Agts. for the **RUSSELL ROASTING & OXIDIZING FURNACE.**

Our long residence and acquaintance on the Pacific Coast, give us superior knowledge and advantages for imparting reliable information to non-residents.

J. H. WILT.

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**BYRD, WILT & FISHER,**

**REAL ESTATE BROKERS,**

Investments carefully made for Eastern parties. Correspondence solicited.

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**F. C. AMBRIDGE & CO.,**

**Investments,  
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Correspondence respectfully solicited.

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**Real Estate, Insurance  
and Loan Broker,**

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CHAS. W. SEYMOUR. HERBERT S. GRIGGS.  
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**Seymour, Griggs & Lockwood,**

**LAWYERS,**

TACOMA, - - - WASHINGTON.

Attorneys for St. Paul & Tacoma Lumber Co.; Tacoma, Orting & S. E. R. R. Co.; Traders Bank of Tacoma, etc. Sole agents for Griggs' First and Griggs & Hewitt's Additions.

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*The Most Rapidly Growing City in Washington.*  
Junction of three railroads. Center of the famous Puyallup Hop District. Distributing point for thirty miles of bottom lands, and for vast coal and timber areas. Pressing demand for workmen and settlers.

SEYMOUR, GRIGGS & LOCKWOOD, Agts. at Tacoma.  
H. S. LILLAGAR, Agent at Orting.

**SEND** for the illustrated  
Tacoma number

—OF—

The Northwest Magazine. Price 25c.

A. L. MANNING.

J. S. BOGLE.

C. N. HAYS.

**MANNING, BOGLE & HAYS,**

**Real Estate and Loans,**  
TACOMA, WASHINGTON.

Having had large experience, and keeping thoroughly posted in relative values of property in and around the city of Tacoma, gives us advantages not enjoyed by many others, in placing money for safe investments.

**READ THIS.**

We make a specialty of investing funds for non-residents. There are many enterprising persons who would like to invest in property that is rapidly advancing in value, but whose business prevents them from giving it personal attention. We exercise special care in making such investments and are prepared to give a satisfactory guarantee of 10 per cent. interest on the money we so invest. We have never made an investment for a non-resident that has not proven entirely satisfactory.

Full information furnished on application. Free carriage to show the city to visitors and investors.

References: National Bank of Commerce, Traders Bank of Tacoma.

**MANNING, BOGLE & HAYS.**

# TACOMA,

The Western Terminus of the Northern Pacific Railroad; the Head of Navigation, and  
The Only Wheat Shipping Port on Puget Sound.

Look at the following evidences of its growth:

**Population in 1830, 760. Population, March, 1889, 22,000 to 25,000.**

Assessed value of property in 1880.....	\$517,927	Banks Jan., 1889.....	6
Assessed value of property in 1888, over.....	\$5,000,000	Private Schools in 1875.....	0
Real Estate Transfers for 1885.....	\$667,356	Private Schools in 1888.....	3
Real Estate Transfers for 1888.....	\$8,855,598	Public Schools in 1880.....	2
Coal shipped in 1882.....	(Tons) 56,300	Public Schools in 1888.....	6
Coal shipped in 1888.....	(Tons) 272,529	Value of Public School Property.....	\$150,000
Crop of Hops in 1881.....	(Bales) 6,098	Value of Private School Property.....	150,000
Crop of Hops in 1888.....	(Bales) 40,000	Money spent in Building Improvements in 1887.....	\$1,000,000
Lumber exported in 1888, over.....	(Feet) 73,000,000	Money spent in Building Improvements in 1888.....	2,148,572
Wheat shipped in 1888.....	(Bushels) 2,528,400	Money spent in Street Improvements in 1887.....	90,000
Miles of Railway tributary in 1880.....	136	Money spent in Street Improvements in 1888.....	263,200
Miles of Railway tributary in 1888.....	2,375	Money spent by N. P. R. R. Co. on Terminal Improvements in 1887.....	250,000
Regular Steamers in 1880.....	6	Money spent by N. P. R. R. Co. on Terminal Improvements in 1888.....	506,000
Regular Steamers in 1888, March.....	30	The N. P. R. R. Co. will spend this year (1889) on Terminal Im- provements.....	\$1,000,000.
Banks in 1880.....	1		

TACOMA is the only natural outlet for the grain crop of the Inland Empire, as Eastern Washington and Oregon is aptly termed, and it costs from \$1,500 to \$4,000 less to ship a cargo of wheat from Tacoma than from any other port north of San Francisco.

TACOMA now shows more healthy and rapid growth than any other point in the Northwest, and is the best location for Manufacturers for supplying both Inland and Water Trade. Full printed and written information will be furnished on application to

**ISAAC W. ANDERSON,**  
General Manager of The Tacoma Land Co., TACOMA, WASH.

N. P. R. R. Headquarters Building.

## HOTEL LA FAYETTE,

Cor. 11th and D Sts.,

**TACOMA, - - - WASH.**

The Finest Furnished Hotel in the City.

BATHS FREE TO GUESTS.

First-class Restaurant on first floor.

FLORA BROTHERS, Proprietors.

(On the European Plan.)

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591 BWAY. N.Y.  
PHOTOGRAPHIC OUTFITS  
CATALOGUE FREE.

## Tacoma, Washington.

*A New Addition to this City—*

### **"Bethell's First,"**

Situated in the Third Ward, and comprising Forty-two Lots, will be placed upon the market this fall at reasonable figures. Here is an opportunity to make an investment which will pay at least FIFTY per cent. profit inside of twelve months.

**BETHELL, McMANUS & GILLESPIE,**  
Builders & Real Estate Dealers & Brokers,  
Uhiman Market Block, 9th & A Sts., TACOMA, WASH.

## Tacoma Investments.

**E. BENNETT**, OF TOPEKA, Importer of Percheron and Clydesdale horses, purchased 80 acres of land, \$350 per acre,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles from P. O., Tacoma, Nov., 1888. As "Attorney in Fact," now selling lots at \$200 each, known as "Hunt's Prairie Addition." Over  $\frac{1}{3}$  sold. LOCAL TRAINS to Lake View passing through the tract, commence running soon, when prices will advance 25 per cent. Wm. McDougall, of New York, purchased in March 40 acres west of Tacoma, \$650 per acre. To-day it will sell readily for \$1,000. Can refer to many others if required.

*Have some good Acreage suitable for Additions near the city.*

Address

**GEO. W. TRAVER,**

**Tacoma, Wash.**

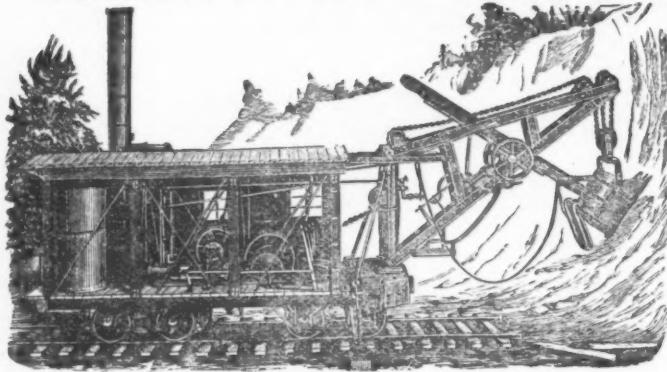
Birds-Eye View Lithographs of Tacoma, 24x36 inches, forwarded on receipt of 50 cents.

Some very interesting tests of woods native to Washington and Oregon, and others native to other timber sections of the country, were made recently at the Northern Pacific car shops at Tacoma. The purpose was to demonstrate the relative strength of the

woods. The timber was subjected to actual breaking, on sticks 2x4 inches and four feet long, to centers, being one-fourth as long, to thick, and wide as an actual stringer as used by the railroad company in its trestle bridges. The test is important, as there

seems to have been little information on that subject, and the impression has been that ordinary oak was stronger than fir. The tests show, however, that yellow fir is actually one-third stronger than Eastern oak, and more than half stronger than Eastern white pine.

## BUCYRUS FOUNDRY AND MANUFACTURING CO.,



BUCYRUS, - OHIO,

MAKERS OF

The 'Thompson' Steam Shovel.

**SPECIAL NOTICE.**—We have recently made some very valuable improvements in our machines, which render them more efficient and durable, and enable us to offer them at a lower price. We guarantee from one-fourth to one-third more work with our shovel than any other can do.

Send for Circulars, Testimonials and Prices.

AND ASK FOR OUR Improved Ballast Unloaders, Steam Dredges, Hand Cars, &c

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## THE A. FRENCH SPRING CO. LIMITED,

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Elliptic and Spiral Springs of Every Description.

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## CLEVELAND WHEEL AND FOUNDRY WORKS,

MAHER &amp; BRAYTON, Proprietors,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Car, Engine, Truck and Tender Wheels, Railroad, Rolling Mill and Machinery Castings, and Street Railroad Wheels and Turnouts;

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THE STANDARD LUBRICATING OIL OF AMERICA FOR RAILROADS.

## Galena Engine, Coach and Car Oil.

GRAVITY 260, 270, 280, 290. COLD TEST 10° to 15° BELOW ZERO.

No freezing in coldest weather, and entire freedom from hot journals at any time; perfect uniformity at all seasons of the year. Saves 40 per cent. in wear of brasses, as its exclusive use upon a majority of the leading railroads has demonstrated.

SHOWING BETTER RESULTS THAN ANY OIL EXTANT.

References furnished on application.

GALENA OIL WORKS (Limited),

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CHAS. MILLER Pres't and Gen'l Manager.



FRED C. WEIR'S  
IMPROVED STEEL RAIL FROGS CROSSINGS  
SPLIT AND STUB SWITCHES, SWITCH STANDS,  
STEEL PLATE HEAD CHAIRS,  
W.R.T. IRON RAIL BRACES,  
SWITCH BARS.  
ALLOYS MADE BY ALUMINUM, IRON, & STEEL, THE INTERCHANGEABLE  
SPLICE & TERMINAL PLATES, THE STEEL CANTILEVER.

THE NICHOLSON  
SIGNALS  
COMPLETE SYSTEM  
OF BLOCK  
SIGNALS  
FRED C. WEIR,  
PRES.

IMPORTANT TO  
RAILROAD MANAGERS AND MASTER MECHANICS.

SIBLEY'S  
Perfection Valve Oil.

Most perfect lubrication insured, and guarantee entire freedom from corrosion and honey-combing of cylinders, and destruction of joints of Steam Chest by fatty acids.

In exclusive use upon eighty railroads. References furnished upon application.

Make exclusive specialty of Valve and Signal Oils for railroad use.

SIGNAL OIL WORKS,

J. G. SIBLEY, Pres't,

FRANKLIN, PA.

BRUSH  
Electric Light!

Parties in Dakota and elsewhere in

## THE GREAT NORTHWEST!

who desire Incandescent, or Arc, Electric Lights, are recommended to correspond with

THE BRUSH ELECTRIC COMPANY,  
CLEVELAND, OHIO.

CHICAGO OFFICE: No. 111 La Salle Street.

## OLMSTED &amp; TUTTLE CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Wiping and Packing  
WASTE.

DEALERS IN

All Kinds of Mill Waste,  
CHICOOPEE. - - - MASSACHUSETTS.

## ILLINOIS STEEL COMPANY,

OF CHICAGO, ILLINOIS,

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## Pig Iron and Bessemer Steel Rails.

This Company owns and operates five Works, namely: NORTH WORKS and UNION WORKS, Chicago, Ill.; SOUTH WORKS, South Chicago, Ill.; JOLIET WORKS, MILWAUKEE WORKS.

General Offices, Tenth Floor, "Rookery," Chicago, Ill.  
New York Office, 46 Wall Street.  
Milwaukee Office, 151 N. W. Ins. Building.

A. LOEFFELHOLZ.

J. W. SUETTERLE.

## LOEFFELHOLZ &amp; CO.,

BRASS FOUNDERS,

Manufacturers of

## RAILROAD CAR TRIMMINGS,

Car and Switch Locks, Lanterns, Car, Switch, Station, Signal, Anchor, Marine & Stateroom Lamps, Self-closing Pressure Cocks and Bibbs a specialty. Silver and Nickel Platters. 170, 172, & 174 Clinton St., MILWAUKEE, WIS.

## COFFIN, DEVOE &amp; CO.,

176 Randolph Street, - - - CHICAGO, ILL.  
F. W. DEVOE & CO., New York.

## READY MIXED PAINTS.

Guaranteed pure, free from water, alkali or benzine, made only with pure linseed oil and turpentine. Sample cards of fifty desirable shades sent on application.

FINE VARNISHES, GLOSS CARRIAGE PAINTS,  
ARTISTS' MATERIALS.

Mathematical Instruments, Colors in Oil and Japan, Brushes, etc.

Catalogues sent on request.

\$225.00 CASH,

70 Diamond Rings,

50 PAIRS GENUINE DIAMOND

SCREW EAR RINGS.

26 Solid Gold AND Silver Watches.

## GIVEN AWAY

In our January, 1890, issue we published the

first 100 names received in reply to our last  
Bible verse contest, in which we gave away \$500 in cash and  
solid Gold Watch, 25 Solid  
Silver Watches, an 171  
Solid Gold and Genuine  
Diamond Rings.\$661 MORE TO BE  
GIVEN AWAY,

Feb'y 1st, 1890.

We will give to the  
first 150 PERSONS  
telling us where the  
word "WIFE" is first  
found in the Bible, before Feb. 1st, 1890,the following valuable  
prizes: To the 1st  
person giving the cor-  
rect answer, \$100.00;  
\$75.00; \$50.00; \$25.00;a Solid Gold Hunt-  
ing Case Watch; 5th,a Beautiful Diamond Ring; to each  
of the next 25, a Solid Silver Watch,  
50 pairs Diamond Screw Ear Ringsand a Beautiful Diamond Ring; to each  
70 if there be no correct answers,a Beautiful Solid Gold Ring set with  
genuine Diamonds. With your an-swer send 25c. to help cover  
postage, &c., and we will send you our IllustratedMonthly for the year 1890, one  
of the best and most  
valuable periodicals of the year.

Our Monthly of March issue will announce the result

of the contest, with names and addresses of the winners.

This offer is made solely to introduce our

publications into new homes. We, as publishers, are

thoroughly known. "Honesty and Square Dealing"

is our motto. Our MONTHLY was established in 1877.

Give full name and address. (Stamps taken.) Address

BLANCHARD'S ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL,

5 &amp; 7 Warren Street, New York.

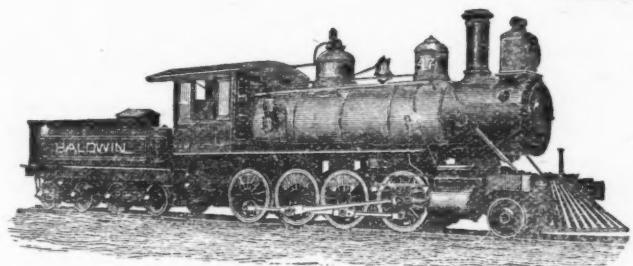
THOMAS PROSSER & SON,  
15 Gold Street,  
NEW YORK.

ESTABLISHED  
1831.

# KRUPP'S STEEL TIRES

On Locomotive Driving Wheels  
And on Steel Tired Wheels  
GIVE THE BEST RESULTS  
For Every Variety of Services.

BALDWIN LOCOMOTIVE WORKS,  
PHILADELPHIA, U. S. A.



ANNUAL  
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BURNHAM, PARRY, WILLIAMS & CO., Proprietors,

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Adapted to every variety of service, and built accurately to Standard Gauges, and Templates. Like parts of different Engines of same class perfectly interchangeable. Passenger and Freight Locomotives. Mine Locomotives. Narrow Gauge Locomotives. Noiseless Motors and Steam Cars for Street Railways, Etc. Illustrated Catalogues furnished on application of customer. ALL WORK THOROUGHLY GUARANTEED.

### The Cary-Ogden Co.,

Successors to CARY, OGDEN & PARKER,  
CHICAGO,  
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Highest Grades of  
PAINTS AND COLORS  
on the Market

FOR EXTERIOR AND INTERIOR DECORATION.  
Descriptive circulars on application.

MONARCH

### Gasoline Stoves and Ranges,

MADE BY

THE ADAMS & WESTLAKE CO.

Chicago, Illinois.

### LAKE ERIE IRON CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

FORGINGS,  
CAR AXLES,  
BAR IRON.

Car Specifications,

Bridge Bolts, Track Bolts,  
Machine Bolts, Nuts, Washers, etc.  
CLEVELAND, OHIO.

Corbett, Failing & Co.,

IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS OF

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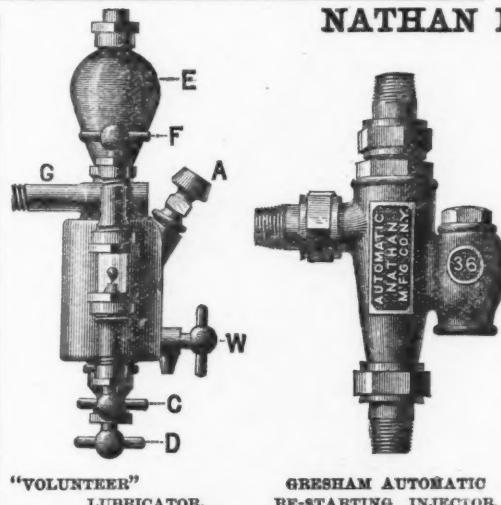
AGENTS FOR

Dupont's Gunpowder,

81 and 83 Front Street.

PORLAND,

OREGON.



### NATHAN MANUFACTURING CO.,

92 & 94 Liberty St., New York.  
147 & 149 Van Buren St., Chicago

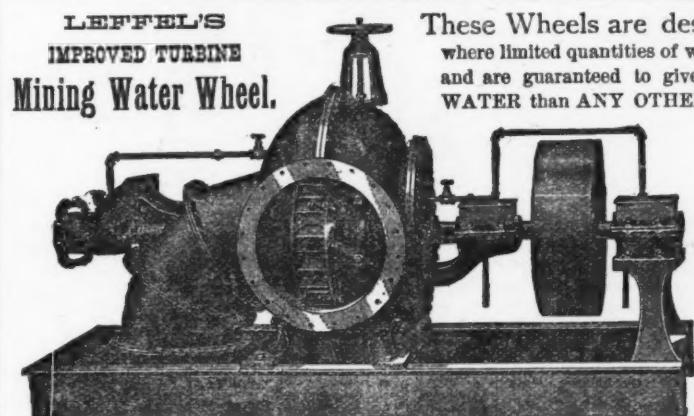
MANUFACTURERS OF

"Volunteer" & "Nathan" Sight-feed Lubricators,  
Gresham Automatic Re-starting,  
AND  
Monitor and Friedmann Injectors.

Patent Self-Acting Lubricators and Oilers of all Kinds.

For sale by all first-class Machine Supply Houses.  
Send to Headquarters for Illustrated Catalogue.

LEFFEL'S  
IMPROVED TURBINE  
Mining Water Wheel.



These Wheels are designed for all purposes  
where limited quantities of water and high heads are utilized  
and are guaranteed to give MORE POWER with LESS  
WATER than ANY OTHER WHEEL MADE.

Estimates furnished on application, for Wheels specially  
built and adapted to suit any particular case.

Fine Illustrated Catalogue  
sent free.

Address the Manufacturers.

JAS. LEFFEL & CO.,

Springfield, Ohio  
Or 110 Liberty St., N. Y.

REFINED OILS  
AND GASOLINE.  
Diamond Deod. 63°  
Naphtha.  
Redistilled Naphtha.  
Diamond Deod. 74°  
Gasoline.  
Redistilled 85° to 90°  
Gasoline.  
Silver Spray Oil.  
Ruby Light Oil.  
Diamond Light Oil.  
And all standard grades of best illuminating oils

LUBRICATING OILS.  
Extra Diamond Valve  
Oil. Diamond Cylinder  
Oil. Imperial Machine  
Oil. Diamond Engine  
Oil. Kasterine Oil. Im-  
perial Castor Oil.  
All grades of 30° to  
33° S. F. Amber. Also  
Light and Dark Filtered  
Stocks.



THE  
CLEVELAND REFINING CO.  
OFFICE AND WORKS  
COR. BASSIMER AVE. AND C. & P. R. R.  
CLEVELAND, OHIO.

Independent Refiners of Petroleum and its Products.  
Railroad Cylinder, Engine, Car, Coach and Signal Oils a Specialty.

## A LITTLE NONSENSE.

Humorist—"I suppose this little joke will go at regular rates if accepted?" Editor—"Yes; I guess so. It is too old to travel for half-fare any longer."

A Texas liar writes us that onions are so strong down in that country that if placed in the cellar for any length of time they will lift the mortgage off the house.

Conductor (sharply)—"Madam, this is the smoking car." Old Lady from Missouri (gratefully)—"Why, so it is! Thankee." [Produces old clay pipe with cane stem and proceeds to enjoy herself.]

Miss Elderly—"I have just been gathering Autumn leaves, Mr. Oldboy." Mr. Oldboy (cynically)—"So I perceive, Miss Elderly. You have gathered them so many years I suppose you do it Autumn-atically, as it were."

Accommodating Trainmen: First Tramp—"Hullo Bill! Got back ter th' city, I see. Las' I saw of yer ye was way out West. How'd ye git back?" Second Tramp—"Come by railroad, av course. Didn't do much walkin' nuther." "Was the freight conductors accommodatin'?" "Wall, yes; they allowed plenty of stop-over privileges."

McFingle—"How are you, Smith? I haven't seen you for a long while. How's your son, Jack? Where's he been keeping himself for the last year?"

Smith (dolefully)—"He hasn't been keeping himself! I've been keeping him."

The Rev. O. P. Ate—"Brother Snorer, don't you think your influence would be greater if you were to remain awake during the sermon?" Deacon Snorer—"No, can't say I do, parson. The Good Book says: 'He giveth his beloved sleep,' you know."

## NOW IS THE WINTER OF OUR DISCONTENT.

Adown the corridors of Time  
Come those words we've heard before,  
Like the chestnut bell's sweetest chime,  
Shut

That  
Door!

Mr. Biznis—"Whew! but I'm tired out! Mrs. Biznis—'What's the matter?' Mr. Biznis—"The second book-keeper asked me for a half day off to attend his aunt's funeral, and like a smart Aleck I said I would go with him." Mrs. Biznis—"Was it a very good game? What was the score?" Mr. Biznis—"That's just where I got fooled myself. He was really going to his aunt's funeral."



HE TRIED HARD TO PLEASE HER.

Wife—"What do you mean by such behavior? First you came home regularly at two o'clock in the morning; then you came at three, then at four, and now it is five o'clock."

Hilarious Husband—"Yes, my dear; tried to satisfy you; but when I came at two you scolded; and when I got home at three you scolded just the same; then I tried four and you scolded worse than ever. Now I thought I'd see if five would suit you any better."

Women (to tramp who has eaten a whole mince pie)—"You seem to have a good appetite."

Tramp (with tears in his eyes)—"Yes, madam, that is all I have left in the world which I can rightly call my own."

Sumway—"I am in hopes of getting an appointment in the Agricultural Department." Maddox—"What qualifications have you? You don't know anything about agriculture, do you?" Sumway—"Well, I'm getting pretty seedy."

Bill—"How does the fair Clara look upon your suit?" Charlie—"Pretty favorably, I guess. When I called last evening I found there was a fresh load of coal by the stove and that the clock had been stopped. I feel encouraged."

Bangs—"From the West, eh?" "Yes, sir; from Chicago." "Ah! Indeed! I spent several months in Chicago. Been there long?" "Yes, sir, I am a member of the city council." "You don't say so! What street is your saloon on?"

Testy Old Gent—"Huh! Do you think you can support my daughter in the style to which she has been accustomed?" Young Suitor—"Well, no; but I can support her to the style to which her mother was accustomed for a good many years after she married you." Testy Old Gent—"Take her, my son, and be happy."

Clara—"I wouldn't speak to papa to-night, George, if I were you." George—"Isn't he feeling well, Clara?" Clara—"No; he's very tired and cross. There's nothing that uses dear papa up so completely as cutting coupons from his government bonds."

Physician (diagnosing the case)—"You say you feel an inordinate desire to lie in bed mornings and to oversleep? Sir, you are a very sick man. Your liver is badly affected and you must—"

Patient—"Say, I'll give you \$50 if you'll tell my wife that! She declares it's nothing but laziness!"

## A PARADOX.

She'd been ill for some time,  
But a change of the climate  
Had proven a benefit,  
And I heard a friend tell  
She had grown to be well  
And she would not die just yet.

But I've puzzled my head  
Till it's heavy as lead,  
And I'm almost in a sweat,  
Wondering how it can be  
That from illness she's free,  
If she cannot digest yet.

MATT W. ALDERSON.

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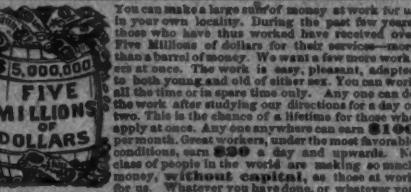
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# THE NORTHWEST

Illustrated Monthly Magazine

GRAND FORKS SUPPLEMENT, JANUARY, 1890.

## GRAND FORKS, N. D.

### The Progressive Metropolis of the Lower Red River Valley.

BY E. V. SMALLEY.

No town in North Dakota can compare with Grand Forks for solid visible progress achieved during the past year. The new business structures completed during 1889, or well advanced at the close of the year, are evidences of accumulating wealth and increasing trade which conclusively prove that this young city in the Lower Red River Valley is too strong in its position and too well-sustained by a good supporting country to be much affected by the transient period of depression which has checked the growth of so many promising towns in the new State. It is remarkable that this year of dull times in the Northwest should be the best building year Grand Forks has known since the boom period of 1880, 1881 and 1882, when the opening of railroads brought the first great tide of settlement to the valley and the towns sprang up like mushrooms. The question naturally arises, why is Grand Forks able to put hundreds of thousands of dollars into handsome edifices of brick and stone at a time when other Dakota towns are standing still? The answer is to be found in the prosperity of the wheat country surrounding the place and in the fact that the town has a number of manufacturing enterprises and does not, therefore, have to depend wholly upon farmers' trade. Although touched by frost

last year and somewhat injured by drouth this year, the wheat fields of Grand Forks County, North Dakota, and of the opposite site of the valley in Polk County, Minnesota, have never failed to yield a profitable crop. In good years their product is enormous and in bad years they still reward the farmer for his toil. Thus the

town has no marked ups and downs. It may be quiet in a year of comparatively light harvest but it still makes some money and goes ahead with its improvements. Its situation for general business is the best of any town in the valley, from the fact it stands at the confluence of two streams, the Red River and Red Lake River, using the former for navigation and the latter to carry logs to its saw mills from the great pineries around Red Lake, in Northern Minnesota. The navigation on the Red River is of small importance, since railroads parallelled the stream on both banks; still the little fleet of steamboats is kept busy in seasons of heavy crops. The older residents of Grand Forks feel a sentimental interest in their boats,

their usefulness is limited to picking up the grain from the farms close to the river banks and taking it to Grand Forks for trans-shipment to the railroads.

Improved railway facilities have no doubt helped to give Grand Forks its recent fresh start. Some years ago the Manitoba Company gave it lines north, south, east and west, but competition was greatly desired by the citizens and this was obtained two years ago, when the Northern Pacific built its Duluth and Manitoba branch, which runs through Grand Forks and goes north to Pembina, where it connects with the N. P. and M. line for Winnipeg. The effect of the new road runs to reduce freight rates and aid in the movement to build up Grand Forks as a distributing center for farm machinery and supplies, and for general merchandise.

Still another railroad is on its way to Grand Forks—the Duluth and Winnipeg, completed the past season as far as the Mississippi River at Grand Rapids. This road is expected to reduce the distance from Grand Forks to Duluth to about 240 miles. Other roads are projected and are marked down in lines of encouraging distinctness upon a small map prepared by the Chamber of Commerce. One runs in a northeast direction to the pineries around Rainy Lake; another runs northwest to the Turtle Mountain country and a third takes a southwesterly course.

There are other projects, however, in which Grand Forks is interested and which promise more for the future growth of the city than additional railways. Congress spends a little money year by year in scooping out the channel of Red River. The Grand Forks people want to have

remembering the time when they furnished the only means of getting goods into the new country, and they would not like to see them disappear from the winding river. These boats used to run from Fargo down to Winnipeg, carrying mails and passengers and transporting merchandise to the frontier trading posts to exchange for furs with the Indians. Now

this method of river improvement abandoned and the money it requires, and a little more, spent upon three or four dams and locks, to keep the river bank full, give navigation from Fargo to Winnipeg from April to November and besides, make incidental water-powers, where the wheat of the valley could be ground into flour and



GRAND FORKS.—THE NEW ODD FELLOWS BLOCK.



GRAND FORKS.—THE HOTEL DAKOTAH.

the pine logs of Northwestern Minnesota sawed into lumber. These dams would not be expensive, for the river flows through a deep and regular channel, hardly a stone's throw from bank to bank, and the facilities they would afford for navigation and manufacture would be of incalculable advantage to the whole valley. The wheat from the Grand Forks region of the valley is now carried 470 miles by the time it has been converted into flour at Minneapolis and has reached the water route at Duluth for transit East. If ground in the valley it would be hauled only about 250 miles by direct rail route to Duluth. This wonderfully fertile valley of the Red River of the North is only in the infancy of its development. A single decade spans the whole period of its active growth. It will support a dense popu-

lation before the middle of the next century and will utilize all its water-powers and all its natural transportation routes besides being gridironed with railways.

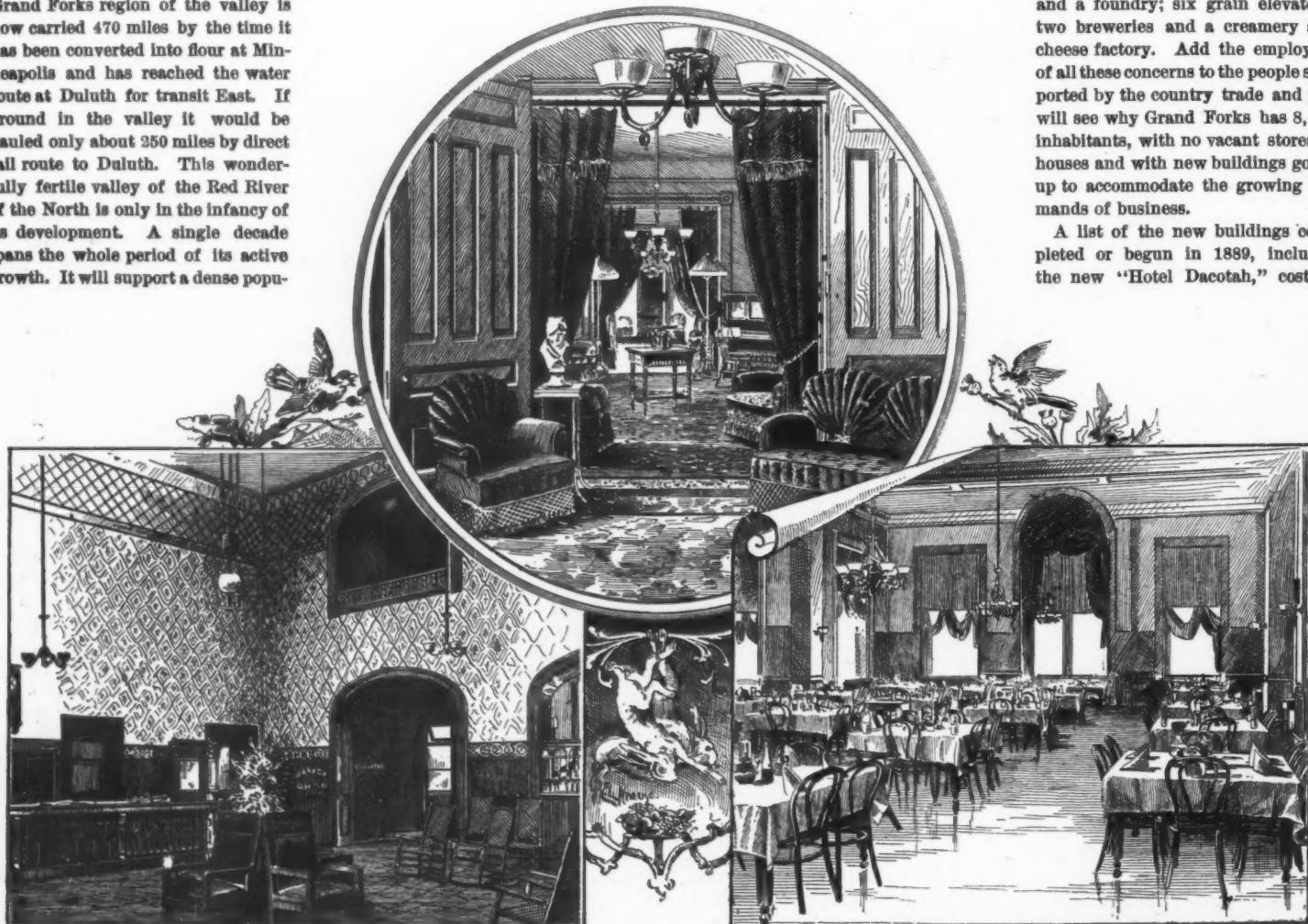
By that time the magnificent project, so ably advocated by W. R. Bierly, Secretary of the Grand Forks Chamber of Commerce, and discussed at the late

North Dakota irrigation convention, may become an actuality. This project is nothing less than the opening of a canal from the great bend of the Missouri, above Fort Stevenson, across the country by way of Devil's Lake, the Red River Valley and the Northern Minnesota lakes, to Lake Superior. I have not space here to go into the details of the arguments in favor of the fertility and benefits of this great scheme, which contemplates both irrigation and navigation. It is advocated by many level-headed men, and Congress will be asked this winter, by the North Dakota Senators, to authorize a preliminary survey. Such a survey would determine the question of whether the canal could be dug through the Coteaux by cuts of not impracticable depth, and would at once make the project a live one, or put it to rest forever. If only the North Dakota end of the canal should be constructed the benefit to agriculture would be enormous in the region of scanty moisture west of the Red River Valley, for the canal, carried along the divide between the Missouri and the James rivers, would make highly productive many hundreds of thousands of acres of fertile prairie, bringing the wheat yield up from an average of ten or fifteen bushels to the acre to a regular crop in all years, wet and dry, of forty bushels.

Grand Forks seeks to develop wholesale trade and believes that her central situation in the best agricultural belt of North Dakota is favorable for such development. A good and successful beginning has already been made in the lines of produce and fruit.

A grocery house would also do well and leading citizens stand ready to put up a suitable building for any responsible firm that will locate here. A wholesale hardware concern would also, it is believed, succeed from the start. The existing industrial concerns are three flouring mills, run by steam; two saw mills, sawing logs floated down the Red Lake River; two planing mills; a gas and electric light plant; two machine and boiler shops and a foundry; six grain elevators, two breweries and a creamery and cheese factory. Add the employees of all these concerns to the people supported by the country trade and you will see why Grand Forks has 8,000 inhabitants, with no vacant stores or houses and with new buildings going up to accommodate the growing demands of business.

A list of the new buildings completed or begun in 1889, includes the new "Hotel Dakotah," costing



INTERIOR VIEWS IN "THE DAKOTAH," GRAND FORKS.



GRAND FORKS.—THE HOTEL GORDEN.

\$150,000; another hotel of very creditable size and appearance, the "Hotel Gorden," \$25,000; the four story brick and stone block of the Security Trust Company, a solid New Hampshire corporation, \$100,000; the new opera house, \$150,000; the Odd Fellows temple, \$20,000; the handsome stone front four story building of the *Daily Herald*, \$50,000 and Reder & Stewarts' market, \$15,000. These buildings are thoroughly modern and city-like in material, architecture and finish.

The new hotel "The Dacotah,"—spelling the word in the old manner, as Longfellow spelled it in "Hiawatha"—is a long way in advance in size and elegance of any hotel in either North or South Dakota. Its erection was a matter of public spirit rather than of money-making. Ten liberal-minded Grand Forks men agreed to put up \$10,000 each for the building. The expenditure increased to \$150,000, and \$25,000 more went into the furnishing, and the result is a hotel which is fast making Grand Forks the social, political and business center and the convention town of the whole Red River Valley region, in both North Dakota and Northern Minnesota. The building is five stories high, with passenger elevator, steam heat, luxurious parlors, warm, wide, carpeted halls, a big dining-room lighted by windows on two sides that look over the town and the river, a handsome office with tiled floor, and all the adjuncts of barber shop, baths, billiard room, and shops for stationery, cigars, furnishing goods, etc., which connect themselves with the big hotels in St. Paul and Chicago. The stock-holders in the hotel company are A. S. Brooks, President; M. L. McCormack, Vice-President; Geo. B. Clifford, Treasurer; G. A. Eastman, Secretary, William O'Mulcahy, J. S. Bartholomew, and Est. of F. T. Walker. The landlords are Vlets & Dow.

The University of North Dakota, located at Grand Forks, is the only institution of learning in the new State competent to give a complete course of collegiate instruction. It is sustained by appropriations from the State treasury, tuition being wholly free. The expense of living is kept at a maximum, the charge to students for board and lodging being only three dollars a week. I spent a very pleasant hour at the University in company with one of the regents, Mr. Prouty, lunching in a big cheerful dining room with a hundred girls and boys and looking through the

library, the museum, the apparatus rooms, the class rooms and the dormitories under the guidance of the President, Col. Homer B. Sprague, a Yale man of long experience as an educator. The institution is much better equipped for its work than I expected to find it. The two buildings are well constructed, thoroughly heated by steam, well arranged and very neat and orderly. The girls sleep in the Ladies Hall, which contains the common dining-room and the large parlor for sociables. The sleeping-rooms of the young men are in the upper story of the main college building. They are too much crowded for comfort

and a separate dormitory building for their use is much needed. There should also be an armory building for the two military companies and three or four cottages on the campus for the professors. I am disposed, however, rather to rejoice that so new a community as North Dakota has made so good a start towards a first-rate institution of learning, rather than to criticize the insufficiency of the present accommodations. The possession of a thousand dollars worth of scientific apparatus and of a library of ten thousand volumes are of themselves great helps to education. I was glad to note that the library is thoroughly modern and readable, and not filled with musty old volumes donated by people glad to get rid of them. The University confers three degrees.—Bachelor of Arts, Bachelor of Science and Bachelor of Letters, and has, besides, a normal course for pupils preparing to teach in the common schools. Unfortunately the buildings stand two miles out of town on the prairie—placed there by real estate boomers—so that the students are in a measure, cut off from the social life of the town and the townspeople from the scientific lectures, literary society meetings and the use of the library. The University will soon come into possession of its grant of public lands and in time will be well-endowed. Its present revenue is about \$20,000 a year.

Education in the town is well cared-for. There are two large graded school buildings, and a third will soon be made necessary by the growth of population. The Catholics maintain a separate school. The churches are ten in number. The gospel is preached in the English language in Presbyterian, Congregational, Episcopalian, Methodist, Baptist and Catholic churches; in Norwegian, in Old School and Reformed Lutheran and Methodist churches and in German in Lutheran and Evangelical churches.

The periodical press consists of the *Plaindealer* a morning Republican daily, published by Sargent and Pickering, the *Evening Herald*, also Republican, owned by Geo. K. Winship, the *Northwest News*, a lively Democratic weekly, edited by Maj. W. R. Bierly, the *Normandien*, a Norwegian weekly, the North Dakota *Methodist*, a monthly, the North Dakota *Presbyterian* a monthly, and the *Student* a monthly, edited by University students.

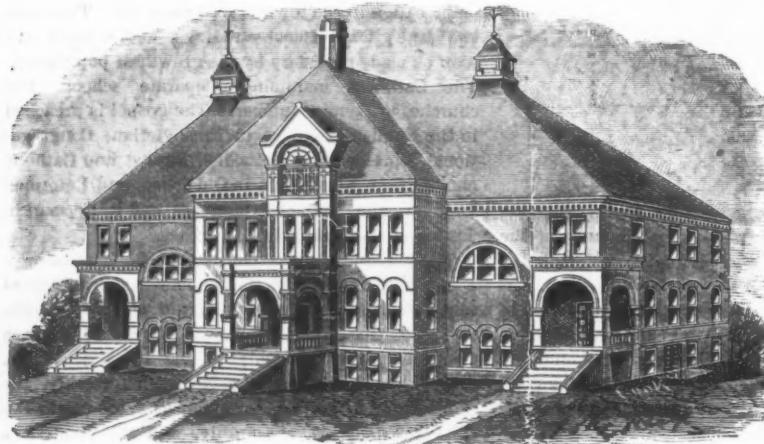
Our artist's picture shows off Grand Forks to such



GRAND FORKS.—THE NEW OPERA HOUSE.



GRAND FORKS.—THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH DAKOTA—MAIN BUILDING.



GRAND FORKS.—THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH DAKOTA—LADY'S HALL.

good advantage that little need be said here in the way of general description. The stream on the left of the picture is the Red River of the North, which is spanned by two new steel bridges built by the city at a cost of \$50,000. The Red Lake River flows into the Red in the grove of elms shown at the upper left hand corner of the engraving. The east bank of the Red is in Polk County, Minnesota, and here has grown up a smart suburban village called East Grand Forks, which is big enough to have a mayor and council. Lumber yards, railroad yards and grain elevators occupy a good deal of ground. In the city proper Third Street is the main thoroughfare. Fourth Street is also a business street and so are Kittson and De Mers avenues, which cross the numbered streets at right angles. The town is compact, convenient and very well built for its age. Yellow brick is the favorite material for business structures. The dwellings are mostly of wood and the newer ones show good taste in architecture and liberal expenditure.

With its water-system, gas, electric light, schools, churches, daily newspapers, chamber of commerce with 100 members, railways and big hotel and opera house. Grand Forks has pretty much all the facilities and comforts of modern city life. Only one important thing is lacking, a system of sewers and that will be begun next summer.

#### GRAND FORKS ROLLER MILLS.

There is no better place to make high grade flour than in the heart of the country where the best number one hard wheat is grown. The region for fifty miles around Grand Forks is the cream of the hard wheat belt and the Grand Forks Roller Mills have the

best possible opportunity to secure their pick of the grain. The mills are equipped with the most recent improvements in machinery and their product takes the highest rank. The proprietors are Messrs. Doheny & Lyons.

sonal property \$1,819,227. The rates of taxation are as follows:

Educational—12.2 mills.....	\$ 62,795 7
Municipal expenses—5.3 mills.....	27,264 49
Territorial rate—3.5 mills.....	18,004 85
County and sinking fund—8 mills.....	41,153 94
Total.....	\$149,183 04

Rate taxation per acre, 103 1/4.

Cash in treasury Aug. 1, '89, \$47,185.99. There are yet many thousands of acres of land in this county unimproved, but excellent, which may be had from \$2.50 to \$5 per acre.—*Chamber of Commerce Report.*

#### GRAND FORKS COUNTY.

Besides harvesting over 3,000,000 bushels of wheat this year, a good crop of oats, barley and grass, Grand Forks County, according to Auditor Anderson's report, shows that it is the very best, financially, in the State. The total valuation is \$5,842,097, of which the city's share is \$1,651,145. This, of course, is not one-fourth of the actual value. The improved lands are 721,264 acres, value \$2,846,867; average rate per acre \$3.94; value of horses \$539,792; mules \$9,589; cattle \$155,934; sheep \$2,850; swine \$13,145; carriages, \$65,189; mdse. \$337,100; stocks \$209,524; total per-

sonal property \$1,819,227. The rates of taxation are as follows:

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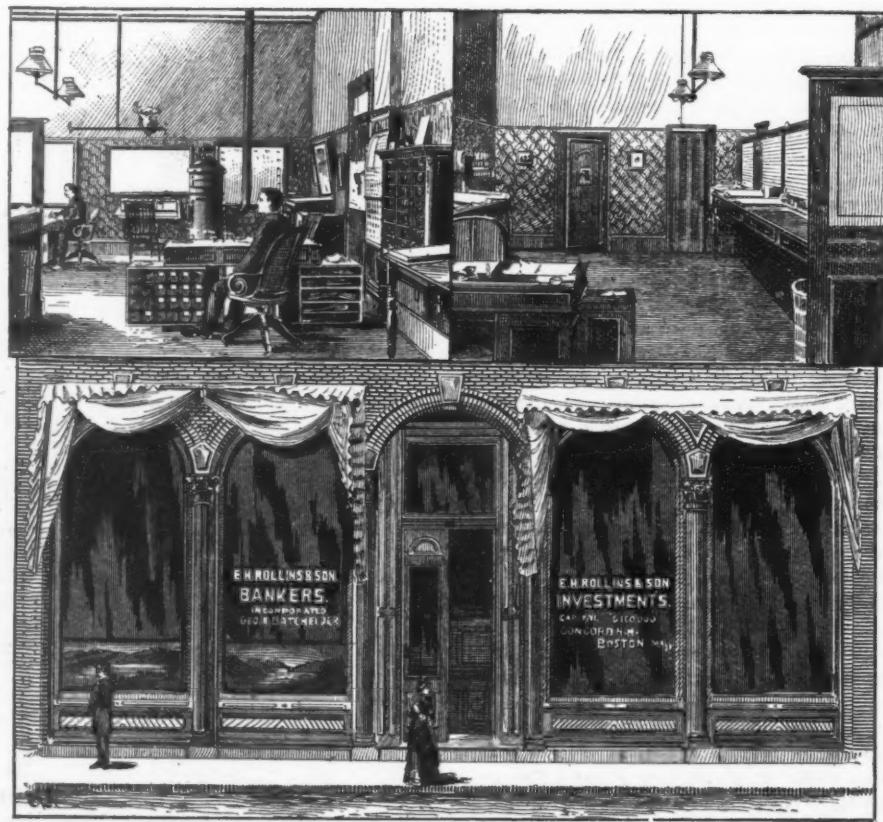
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#### A DAKOTA WHEAT FIELD.

Like liquid gold the wheat field lies,  
A marvel of yellow and russet and green,  
That ripples and runs, that floats and flies,  
With the subtle shadows, the change, the sheen,  
Such as play in the golden hair of a girl,  
A ripple of amber, a flare  
Of light sweeping after, a curl  
In the hollows like swirling feet  
Of fairy waltzers, the colors run  
To the western sun  
Through the deeps of the ripening wheat.

Broad as the flockless soaring sky,  
Mysterious, fair as the noon-led sea,  
The vast plain flames on the dazzled eye  
Under the fierce sun's alchemy,  
The slow hawk stoops  
To his prey in the deeps;  
The sunflower droops  
To the lazy wave; the wind sleeps,  
Then all in dazzling links and loops,  
A riot of shadow and shine,  
A glory of olive and amber and wine,  
To the westering sun the colors run  
Through the deeps of the ripening wheat.

O glorious land! My western land,  
Outspread beneath the setting sun!  
Once more amid your swells I stand,  
And cross your sod lands dry and dun,  
I hear the jocund calls of men  
Who sweep amid the ripened grain  
With swift, stern reapers, once again.  
The evening's splendor floods the plain,  
The crickets' chime  
Makes pauseless rhyme,  
And toward the sun  
The splendid colors romp and run  
Before the wind's feet  
In the wheat!



GRAND FORKS.—BANKING ESTABLISHMENT OF E. H. ROLLINS &amp; SON.

## A HUNTING ADVENTURE.

*Theodore Roosevelt in Philadelphia Times.*

One December, while I was out on my ranch, so much work had to be done that it was within a week of Christmas before we were able to take any thought for the Christmas dinner. The winter set in late that year and there had been comparatively little cold weather, but one day the ice on the river had been sufficiently strong to enable us to haul up a wagon load of flour, with enough salt pork to last through the winter, and a very few cans of tinned goods to be used at special feasts. We had some bushels of potatoes, the heroic victors of a struggle for existence, in which the rest of our garden vegetables had succumbed to drought, frost and grasshoppers; and we also had some wild plums and dried elk venison. But we had no fresh meat, and so one day my foreman and I agreed to make a hunt on the morrow.

Accordingly one of the cowboys rode out in the frosty afternoon to fetch in the saddle-band from the plateau three miles off, where they were grazing. It was necessary to get to the hunting grounds by sunrise, and it still lacked a couple of hours of dawn when the foreman wakened me with a touch as I lay asleep beneath the buffalo robes. Dressing hurriedly and breakfasting on a cup of coffee and some mouthfuls of bread and jerked elk meat, we slipped out to the barn, threw the saddles on the horses and were off.

The air was bitterly chill; the cold had been severe for two days, so that the river ice would again bear horses; it had already frozen once and then again thawed. Beneath the light covering of powdery snow we could feel the rough ground like wrinkled iron under the horses' hoofs. There was no moon, but the stars shone brilliantly down through the cold, clear air, and our willing horses galloped swiftly across the long bottom on which the ranch house stood, threading their way deftly among the clumps of sprawling sage brush. A mile off we crossed the river, the ice cracking with noises like pistol shots as our horses picked their way gingerly over it. On the opposite side was a dense jungle of bullberry bushes, and on breaking through this we found ourselves galloping up a long, winding valley, which led back many miles into the hills. The crannies and little side ravines were filled with brush-wood and groves of stunted ash. By this time there was a faint flush of gray in the east and as we rode silently along we could make out dimly the tracks made by the wild animals as they passed and repassed in the snow. Several times we dismounted to examine them. A couple of coyotes, possibly frightened by our approach, had trotted and loped up the valley ahead of us, leaving a trail like that of two dogs; the sharper, more delicate foot-prints of a fox crossed our path, and outside one long patch of brush-wood a series of round imprints in the snow betrayed where a bob-cat—as plainmen term the small lynx—had been lurking around to try to pick up a rabbit or prairie fowl.

As the dawn reddened and it became light enough to see objects some little way off, we began to sit erect in our saddles and to scan the hillsides sharply for sight of feeding deer. Hitherto we had seen no deer tracks save inside the bullberry bushes by the river, and we knew that the deer who lived in that impenetrable jungle were cunning white-tails, who in such a place could only be hunted by the aid of a hound. But just before sunrise we came on three lines of heart-shaped footmarks in the snow, which showed where as many deer had just crossed a little

plain ahead of us. They were walking leisurely and from the lay of the land we believed we would find them over the ridge, where there was a brush coule. Riding to one side of the trail we topped the little ridge just as the sun flamed up, a burning ball of crimson, beyond the snowy waste of our backs. Almost immediately afterward my companion leaped from his horse and raised his rifle, and as he pulled the trigger I saw through the twigs of a brush patch on our left the erect, startled head of a young black-tail doe as she turned to look at us, her great, mule-like ears thrown forward.

The ball broke her neck and she turned a complete somersault down the hill, while a sudden smashing of underbrush told of the flight of her terrified companions. We both laughed and called out "dinner!" as we sprang down towards her, and in a few minutes she was dressed and hung up by the hind legs on a small ash tree. The entrails and viscera we threw

buttes cut up by the cedar canyons and gorges, in which we knew the old bucks loved to lie. It was noon before we saw anything more. We lunched at a clear spring—not needing much time, for all we had to do was to drink a draught of icy water and munch a strip of dried venison. Shortly afterward, as we were moving along a hillside with silent caution, we came to a sheer canyon, of which the opposite face was broken by little ledges grown up with wind-beaten cedars. As we peered over the edge, my companion touched my arm and pointed silently to one of the ledges, and instantly I caught the glint of a buck's horns as he lay half behind an old tree trunk. A slight shift of position gave me a fair shot slanting down between his shoulders, and, though he struggled to his feet, he did not go fifty yards after receiving the bullet.

This was all we could carry. Leading the horses around, we packed the buck behind my companion's saddle and then rode back by the doe, which I put behind mine. But we were not destined to reach home without a slight adventure. When we got to the river we rode boldly on the ice, heedless of the thaw, and about midway there was a sudden, tremendous crash, and men, horses and deer were scrambling together in the water, amid slabs of floating ice. However, it was shallow, and no worse results followed than some hard work and a chilly bath. But what cared we? We were returning triumphant with our Christmas dinner.

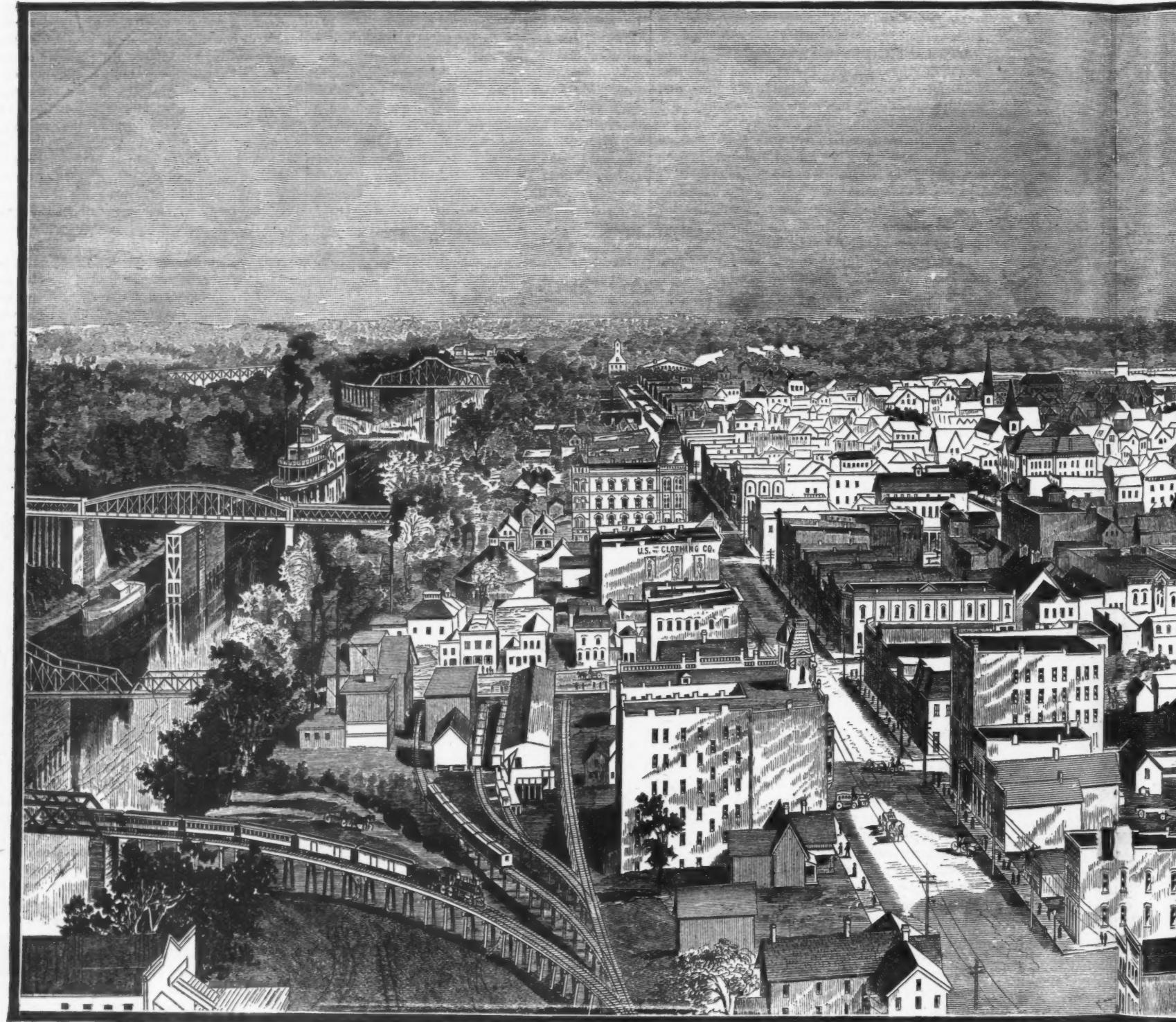
## "JIM," A DARLING COYOTE.

I once owned a coyote; that is, I owned a part interest in him. I think it was the finest coyote I ever saw. He was simply a darling. Fight!—he'd fight anything, that critter. I once turned him loose on the champion bulldog of Evanston, and I wish you could have seen that dog after the first minute. He looked like a rag-baby. We got Jim, that was his name, near Hilliard. I don't suppose you ever heard about Hilliard. It's on the N. P., not far from Evanston; not a big place, you know—water-tank, flume, and four charcoal kilns. We were rounded up there in 1879, with 20,000 sheep, and that coyote used to come around camp at night, howling funeral dirges until we made up our minds we wanted him. Well, we got him, but we had a big job on our hands. Four of us started out on horseback with lariats to lasso him. We chased him for about fifteen miles, trying for him all the time, but we couldn't get him. Finally he got dead beat, and

turned. Then the real circus began. One of the boys hooked him the first time, but the critter chewed the lariat in two in three minutes. He backed up against a sage brush and snapped and snarled like a mad dog. He had a wicked-looking set of teeth, and nobody dared to touch him. Three times we hooked him, and each time he chewed the lariat in two. He was fuller of fight than ever. We had only one good lariat left, and that was Bill Ryder's. Bill allowed that he would fix that coyote. He rode off about 100 feet and got his noose ready. He was mighty handy with a rope, and when I saw his game, I said: "Now, Mr. Coyote, you're done for." Bill dug his spurs into his broncho and they came on like a whirlwind. As he rushed past the coyote his lariat shot out in a circle no bigger than a hat. He caught Mr. Coyote square around the neck and jerked him twenty feet. That took the life out of him, and he did not try to chew anything again that day. We got him to camp and chained him to a stake. That night he almost chewed the stake through. After that we fixed him with an



GRAND FORKS.—THE SECURITY TRUST CO.'S BUILDING.



GENERAL VIEW OF GRAND FORKS, N.D.

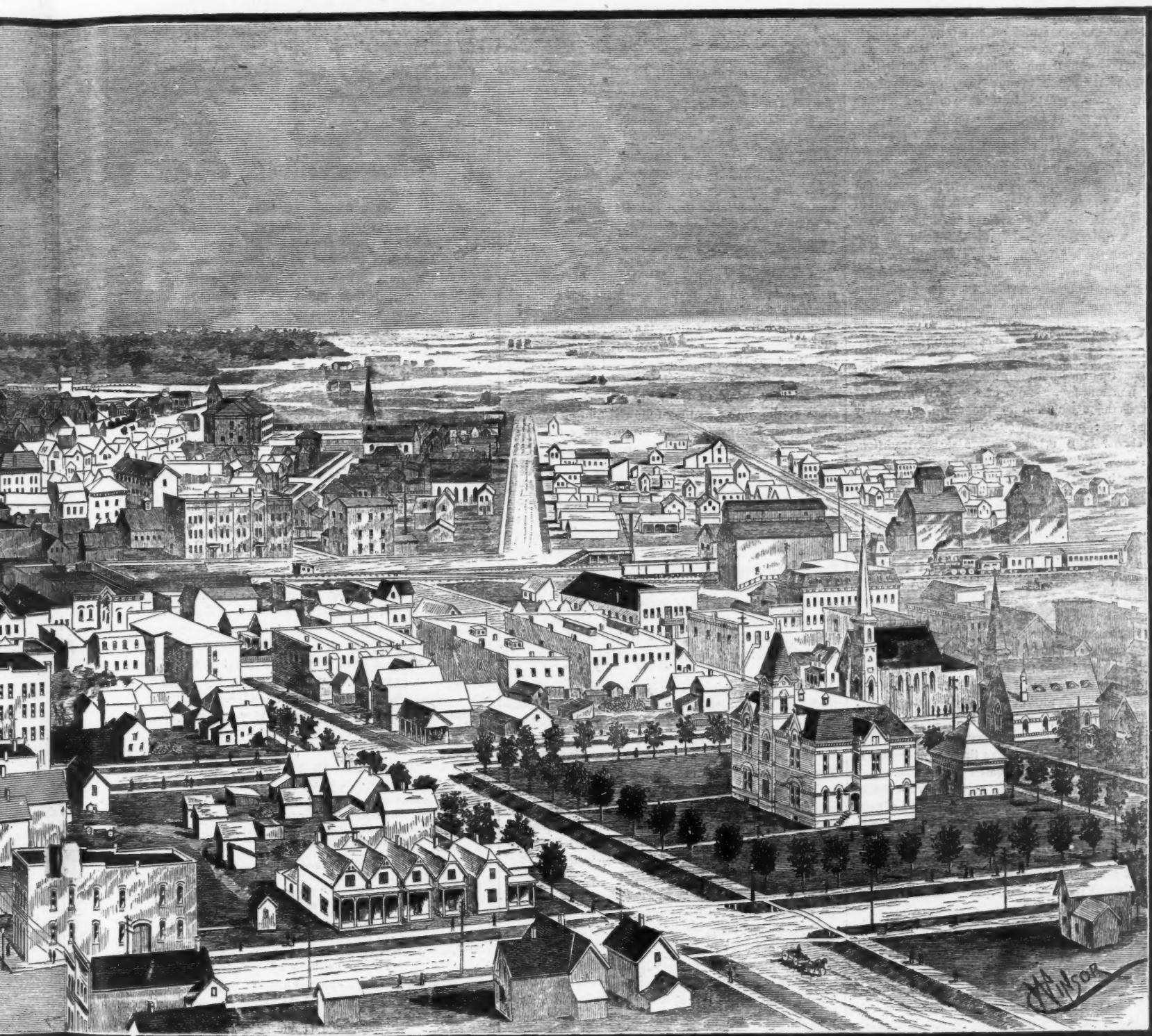
iron picket. How Jim used to howl at first! It was simply terrible. We broke him of that, though, by taking him off out of sight and leaving him alone at night. When we moved camp we used to chuck Jim into a sack and tie it up around him, just letting his head stick out. Then we'd dump him into the provision wagon. We kept Jim for a year and he got so attached to us that I believe he wouldn't have run away if we had unchained him, but we never gave him the chance. The next summer we struck Green River. If you've ever been there you'll remember that right in front of the railroad restaurant at the station there is a large cage. It's full of prairie dogs, rabbits, and other small animals. The proprietor of the restaurant wanted Jim for his menagerie, and after talking the thing over we decided to sell him

for \$10. So Jim went into the menagerie. The next morning we went down to see him. His new owner was distracted. All that was left of that menagerie was Jim. He'd chewed the whole thing up. The floor of the big cage was covered with fur, bones and skins, while Jim sat in one corner, his eyes bloodshot and restless and his long white teeth gleaming white. He snapped at every one who came near him and looked just as he did the day he backed up against the sage-brush. The man gave us another \$10 to take him away, but that night spoiled Jim. He was never contented with bacon after that, and he got to be a great nuisance. We unchained him, hoping he would strike out for himself, but he used to hang around camp, howling all night long. We chased him off with stones, fired our six-shooters and

did everything we could to frighten him away, but it was no use. Finally, we took pity on him and let him alone, but he began to droop. Civilized life was too much for him, and he died two months after his night in the menagerie.

#### IS THE EARTH IN DANGER?

Of course, danger—if danger there be—may be anticipated as proceeding either from within the earth itself or from without it, and the question arises at the outset: What is there in the centre of our planet? Well, it has been imagined that the earth is, in reality, a hollow sphere, lighted by the two subterranean plants, Pluto and Proserpine, and even peopled with plants and animals. The celebrated Halley



OF GRAND FORKS, NORTH DAKOTA.

published a paper in the *Philosophical Transactions* on The Structure of the Internal Parts of the Earth and the Concave Habited Arch of the Shell! Holberg, the Norwegian dramatist, embodied a quaint satire upon the inhabitants of the upper earth, in a scientific romance respecting the physical scenery, people, and institutions which had been discovered on a journey into the nether world. The more notorious Captain Symmes repeatedly invited Sir Humphrey Davy and Baron Humboldt to undertake a subterranean expedition to the interior regions through a cavernous opening which he maintained was to be found near the North Pole. The ancients believed the centre of the earth to be the abode of the spirits assigned to Hades. Lord Lytton has, in his famous novel, *The Coming Race*, described the inhabitants of an imaginary

nether world; and Jules Verne has published an account of a suppositious Journey into the Interior of the Earth—both writers giving their vote in favor of the theory of the hollowness of our globe. On the other hand, by far the greater number of philosophers, scientists, and writers have entertained the idea that the interior of the earth is a molten mass—a fiery conglomeration. To begin with, the younger Pliny attributed earthquakes and volcanoes to the presence of vast igneous forces imprisoned in the earth like smothered embers or cavernous furnaces. Plato also believed in an internal lake of fire: Robert Hooke went so far as to explain the catastrophe of Sodom and Gomorrah, and even the Deluge itself, by earthquakes, which he referred to subterranean action. Then again, Dr. Daubeny ascribed the phenomena of

volcanic eruptions and earthquakes to the action of water rushing underground from neighboring seas, and chemically combining with metallic masses in the caverns of the earth. Dr. Mantell grouped together volcanic eruptions, abyssmal fissures, hot springs, new islands, and waterspouts as connected expressions of the same terrestrial force, due alike to the reaction of the interior heat of the globe upon its surface. Saussure, Daniell, Marcet, De la Rive, Reich, and other thermometricals announced the general conclusion that the temperature of the earth increases, as we descend, at the rate of about one degree in every fifty feet—so rapidly, indeed, that at the centre the hardest rocks and metals would be melted in an instant. Though it is generally admitted by scientists that the central fire of the earth is cooling, still the process is

so gradual that the circumstance is not infrequently left entirely out of consideration. The great French naturalist, Buffon, represented the earth as a blazing fragment of the sun, struck off by a comet and left to whirl and cool for ages; and Cordier, Fourier, and Humboldt described our planet as a liquid ball of glowing metal and lava gradually cooling and shrinking within a solid crust. In the face of these learned conjectures as to the composition of the central regions of our earth, one may well ask, Is our planet in danger? and examine the arguments pro and con. Humboldt asserted that the solid crust of the earth is, comparatively with the fiery mass within, no thicker than an egg-shell! Pliny declared it the greatest of miracles that a day could pass without a general conflagration. Sir Humphrey Davy threw out the suggestion that the inflammable metals beneath the crust of the earth only needed contact with hydrogen afforded by neighboring springs, in order to fuse the surrounding rocks into such a substance as lava; and Dr. Daubeny has argued, from the weight of the globe and the prevalence of volcanoes in maritime regions, that its vast metallic contents are but like smothered fuel for kindling afresh and exploding in jets of mud and fire. Many of the early geologists predicted the dissolution of the earth. The only problem was: in what way would the catastrophe come about? It had long been a sacred tradition, both Pagan and Christian, that the world would ultimately be consumed by fire. Buffon anticipated, from the gradual refrigeration of the earth, a reign of perpetual winter; and recent physicists have conjectured that the day will wane more slowly as the cooling earth spins more feebly, until at length, like the moon, it shall flutter upon its axis as a dead world, with the same pallid face ever turned toward the sun. On the other hand, La Place has demonstrated that, since the time of Hipparchus (2,000 years), the mean day has not shortened by the 3-100th part of a second. But the most popular theory of all is that which attributes the eventual end of the world to the destructive agency of fire. Buffon maintained—presumably, as an alternative to his theory above-mentioned—that igneous and aqueous forces would gradually submerge existing continents under the ocean, and reproduce others like those we inhabit. It is only natural that the repeated failures following attempts to fix the date of the predicted dissolution of the earth should have converted a religious foreboding into scientific scepticism, at first expressed in vagaries wilder than the fabled descent into Avernus. At the same time, however, the conjectures of philosophers and scientists above cited are sufficiently startling to warrant the serious question. Is the earth in danger?

#### THE STAGE COACH.

Tarnished and battered and old,  
Heartlessly hidden away,  
Left to the moth and the mold,  
Darkness and dust and decay,  
This was the pride of its day.  
Now all its glory is o'er—  
Faded and vanished for aye;  
Gone are the driver and four!  
  
How shall its story be told?  
What shall a song of it say?  
Once it was brilliant as gold,  
Once it was gilded and gay.  
Fine in their festal array,  
Many the bride that it bore;  
Now are they wrinkled and gray;  
Gone are the driver and four!  
  
'Long through the heat and the cold  
Ever from May until May,  
Over the highways it rolled;  
Time has now made it his prey.  
Never a stately display,  
Never a dash as of yore,  
Never a swing or a sway;  
Gone are the driver and four!  
  
Over new roads that men lay  
Rush we with rattle and roar,  
Only sweet memories stay;  
Gone are the driver and four!

—Bissell Clinton.

#### ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Some ancient pottery was found buried twenty feet deep near Spokane Falls recently.

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**FIELDS WHICH DID THEIR DUTY.**—Before harvest B. F. Shields, a farmer living on Four-Mile, asserted that, notwithstanding the unfavorable season, his fields would do their duty, and the report which he furnishes this week bears him out. From 186 acres, spring sowing, he threshed 9,300 bushels of Chili club wheat, which is at the rate of fifty bushels an acre. His barley averaged sixty-seven bushels to the acre, and oats seventy-three bushels. This is a sample of what the Palouse country does in an off year.—*Palouse Gazette*.

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In Woodford County, Ky., Mr. John L. Burns raised a large drove of turkeys this year, and by placing a bell upon the old mother that led them he accustomed them to follow the sound. When the time came to work his tobacco fields he removed the bell, placing it on his own waist, and while working his crop with the hoe the hungry turkeys followed the familiar tinkle of the bell, picking the stocks clean of the worms as they followed him up one row and down the other. The turkeys have done the work of five men and saved the crop.

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**STREET CAR CHANGE.**—Since the Supreme Court rendered a decision holding that five dollars was not an unreasonable amount of change for a street car conductor to carry, the brotherhood of ticket punchers have been offered gold pieces to change at every street crossing. They did not dare to refuse them or eject the passengers, so they have devised another scheme of protection. Every conductor now carries \$10 in nickles, and the man who offers a \$5 piece for his fare will be weighed down with ninety-nine of the coins.—*Astoria Pioneer*.

\*\*

A St. Paul pawn broker illustrates one of the foibles of men which moves them to drop the nomenclature of the humble calling in which they have waxed prosperous and give it a rounder, more sonorous title. The corn doctor becomes the chiropodist, the barber develops into a tonsorial artist, the juggler into a prestidigitator, and this man who years ago was content to advertise himself a pawnbroker now announces himself as a Collateral Loan Banker. Small wonder, tho, when we see so many little fellows parading as statesmen.—*Caledonia Argus*.

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**COLD WEATHER CANES.**—The new canes which are occasionally seen in the hands of men up town combine a good many valuable points under the usual and neat-looking exterior. The cane generally has a silver handle of the ordinary right-angle shape, with a small watch set in one corner; the lower end of the handle is arranged so that it will hold a dollar in five-cent pieces, a spring pushing the coins up so that one may be drawn out at the top by a gloved thumb or finger. The other end of the handle has a spring top and is fitted to carry matches. This equipped, a good many of the unnecessary of life are avoided, particularly in the winter, when unbuttoning two or three coats to get at a watch, a match box, or a pocket book involves everything, including chills and profanity.

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The idea that women are the only mortals that gaze at themselves in a mirror may be quite generally accepted, but it is erroneous. The average man is unable to resist the desire to take a squint at himself. He may, and often does, do it on the sly; but he does it just the same. If any one doubts the truth of this statement let him catch the men as they step into an elevator in any one of the business blocks. The first thing a man does after entering is to place himself squarely before the reflector and view his counterpart on the other side of the glass. If caught at it he usually turns quickly away with a hang-dog expression of countenance, or if a friend happens to enter, he at once engages him in a conversation about the

weather, business or some kind of topic. But when a fellow has the elevator all to himself he stands and admire himself as long as any one of the gentler sex.

—*Minneapolis Tribune*.

\*\*

**WASHINGTON POTATOES.**—J. M. Ogle and B. B. Swart, the Puyallup nurserymen, who are competing for the \$500 prize offered by the *American Agriculturist*, of New York, for the largest yield of potatoes per acre, completed the digging the other day. R. F. Radebaugh acted as judge for the *American Agriculturist* and Walter M. Lee and William H. Boothroyd, of Tacoma, and James Couley, of Slaughter, were appointed witnesses. The work was concluded in great haste, and while it is thought twenty-five or thirty bushels are still scattered about the patch, the yield amounted to 27,691 $\frac{1}{2}$  pounds, or 640 bushels for one acre dug. The result of the digging was sworn to before Notary Public M. H. Connors, of Slaughter.—*Northwest Tribune*.

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**IMPORTANCE OF REST.**—“I come,” said Herbert Spencer here a few years ago “to preach the doctrine of relaxation.” It is a matter of the most fundamental importance, and in this land it is believed to be more neglected than elsewhere, although Mr. Spencer was the most glaring example of such neglect himself. There are plenty of men who work seven days in the week, and during a long life, but, if your work requires intense and trying application, regard your rest as of equal importance with your labor. Of the smaller bits of leisure, the first to be considered comes after each meal. Men down town have their lunch brought in to them, and turn to work the moment it is finished. Perhaps they do not even stop working while eating. That is very bad. You are like the horse; you must have a halt in the middle of the day and a little let up, if you are to drive through the whole of it. It will pay in the end. And, in regard to vacations, if you are looking to the future with any particular expectation, remember that vacations must be taken when needed. It is like burning both ends of the candle, if you try to do without them.

#### TALKING IN SLANG.

She was a Boston maid of high degree,  
With eyes that shone like incandescent lights,  
And just such pouting lips as seem to me  
The kiss invites.

I met her on the Common's grassy sod,  
Near where the fountain plays in sportive mood;  
She stood reflective, while a plastic wad  
Of gum she chewed.

“It does one good to seek this spot,” said I,  
“When weary of the city's hum and buzz.”  
She ceased her waxie pastime to reply:  
“That's what it does.”

“This sylvan spot,” then softly I averred,  
“The foot of man seems almost to defile.”  
Her voice came, sweet as notes of woodland bird:  
“Well, I should smile.”

“The balmy breezes whispering overhead  
With such enchanting softness kiss the brow!”  
In tones of liquid melody she said:  
“You're shoutin' now!”

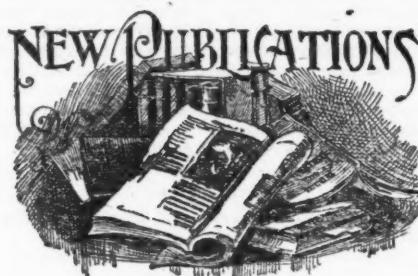
“And have you noticed, fair one, how each bird  
Seems here to choose its sweetest vocal gem?”  
I dwelt in rapture on her every word:  
“I'm onto them.”

“And now the leaves like moving emeralds seem,  
When in response to the sweet breeze they shake!”  
Her voice was soft as echo from a dream:  
“They take the cake.”

“Dost wander often to a sylvan spot,  
The dreamy sense of quietude to seek?”  
Soft purled her answer: “Well, I take a trot  
‘Bout once a week.”

In converse sweet I lingered by her side,  
And felt that there forever I could dwell,  
And as I left her after me she cried:  
“So long, old fel.”

I was not captured by her voice so rich,  
Nor with her lovely face, so fresh and young,  
But with the sweet dexterity with which  
Her slang she slung.



*Osborne of Arrochar* is a well-told story of life in Eastern Virginia, by Amanda M. Douglas, and is the twentieth novel written by this author. The characters are natural and like able people, without morbid traits or social reform hobbies, and the love-making of the young folks runs a not too troubled course to the safe goal of matrimony. Boston, Lee & Shepard; St. Paul Book and Stationery Co.; price \$1.50.

For handsome typography the *Northwestern Printer*, published at St. Paul by the Minnesota Type Foundry, is not surpassed by any Eastern publication devoted to the interests of the art preservative of arts. The January number is especially creditable and is of especial interest to all Minnesota journalists by reason of its excellent portraits of seven of the best-known editors of the State. T. M. Newson, W. A. Hotchkiss, Geo. W. Benedict, A. W. McKinstry, Thos. J. Price and C. C. Bowsfield.

*Little Miss Weezy's Sister* is a bright little book for children by Penn Shirley, author of two popular stories, "Little Miss Wheezy" and "Little Miss Wheezy's Brother." The heroine is described on the first page as "a warm-hearted, quick tempered girl of twelve, with a pink-and-white complexion, large violet eyes and a wavy mass of tawny hair that she hated with all her might." Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston, and for sale by St. Paul Book and Stationery Co.; price 75 cents.

*Heroes of the Crusades*, by Amanda M. Douglass, is a handsome volume of 350 pages well illustrated with reproductions of French engravings. The style is adapted for young people's reading and the author has succeeded in making the great warriors who played the leading parts in the remarkable drama of heroism and fanaticism which drained the best blood of Europe for centuries appear like real men and not like vague phantoms on the dusty pages of history. Boston, Lee & Shepard; St. Paul Book & Stationery Co.; price \$1.50.

The merit of books like *Geo. M. Baker's Favorite Speaker* lies in the variety, dramatic quality and general interest of their selection in prose and verse. The volume just issued by Lee & Shepard, Boston, contains four of the pamphlets heretofore compiled by the same author, which have had a large sale in their separate editions. Primarily designed for boys and girls who want to "speak pieces" on school occasions, the volume contains so many old favorites and so many good new things rescued from the fugitive newspaper literature of the day that it will be found to furnish welcome reading for older people. For sale by St. Paul Book and Stationery Co.; price \$1.00.

The great improvements and many new discoveries in the various processes of photo-engraving have already produced a marked effect on general literature in bringing illustrations into use in volumes sold for a very moderate price. Formerly illustrated volumes which had any sort of an art character were so expensive that they were issued only for the holiday trade, and their chief sale was for presentation as gifts at Christmas and New Years' or on birthday occasions. Now good pictures appear in volumes which sell for the lowest prices put upon bound books. Perhaps the most marked new departure in this line has been made by the firm of Walsh, Fracker

& Co., of New York, in bringing out books of travel profusely illustrated from original sketches by French, English and American artists. One of these volumes which has come to our table is a translation of Pierre Loti's *Into Morocco*, illustrated with reproductions of the pictures by Benjamin Constant and Aime Marot, which appeared in the original French edition. These beautiful pictures are a great help to an understanding of the life and scenery of that strange and semi-barbarous land. The price of the 12mo volume of 350 pages is only seventy-five cents.

The Bucyrus Foundry and Manufacturing Company, Bucyrus, Ohio, manufacturers of steam excavating machinery, have just issued their new catalogue. The text is well printed on an excellent quality of paper and finely illustrated with photo-engravings, showing the different styles of steam shovels, shovels and wrecking cars, and railroad wrecking cars manufactured by them. It is handsomely bound in a green cloth cover, the title being printed in gold. The book is an extremely creditable piece of work such as might rightly be expected from this progressive concern. During the past seven years the Bucyrus Foundry and Manufacturing Company have built over seventy-five steam shovels, and a large number of wrecking cars, all of which are in use and doing good and efficient work. The officers of the company are: Wm. Hamilton Harris, President; Howard P. Ells, Vice-president and Treasurer; W. B. Crittenden, General Manager; A. B. Stetson, Superintendent; A. W. Robinson, Engineer and E. H. Hippie, Secretary.

*The Ancestry, Life and Times of Henry Hastings Sibley*, by Nathaniel West, a stout octavo volume of 595 pages, from the presses of the St. Paul Pioneer Press Company, is a valuable and highly interesting contribution to the general and personal history of the Northwest. Gen. Sibley is the most conspicuous figure among the pioneers of Minnesota. He is, in fact, the very best type of the hardy, valorous, intelligent and patriotic frontiersman, who has lived to see the wilderness changed to farms and cities, has taken part in all the main movements for civilization and material progress, has been honored with the highest positions in the gift of his fellow-citizens, and now, at a ripe old age, contemplates with a serene enjoyment the fulfilment of all his early hopes and waits without dread the summons to another world. His tall form, still erect and martial in its bearing, is a conspicuous figure at all important public events in St. Paul and his entertaining conversation is the delight of a wide social circle. The stranger who first sees him now in his seventy-ninth year, is impressed with the dignity of his manner and with the strong light of character that gleams from his dark eyes, and can well imagine what a powerful influence he exerted among the struggling settlers, and the wild savages that encompassed them, when this region about the head waters of the Mississippi was first occupied by the advancing tide of civilized life. In his youth he was unquestionably one of the noblest specimens of American manhood. Of more than ordinary stature, nature gifted him with a superb physical constitution, a handsome and expressive countenance, and an active, self-reliant, courageous disposition. He seemed impervious to disease and no bodily hardships daunted him. In all the athletic sports of the frontier and in the rude experiences of the chase and of Indian warfare he was easily the superior of all his associates. He was as wise in counsel as he was brave in action. With such an endowment of body and mind it was no wonder that he was made the leader of the new community which found its first nucleus at the confluence of the Minnesota and Mississippi rivers, and was chosen the first Delegate in Congress from the Territory and the first Governor of the State of Minnesota; no wonder that honors have crowded thick upon him in the whole course of his long and useful life.

Gen. Sibley was born at Detroit, Michigan, in

February, 1811, of New England parents who were of the Puritan stock. In his eighteenth year he was a clerk in a trader's store at the Sault Ste. Marie. He visited Chicago in 1829, when the place was a mere hamlet of half a dozen houses on a desolate, sandy beach. In 1834, when twenty-three years old, he came to Minnesota as a junior partner in the new American Fur Company and rode on horseback from Prairie du Chien to Fort Snelling, a distance of 300 miles, finding only one white man on the entire journey, an Indian trader named Roque, who lived near the site of the present town of Wabasha. He established himself at Mendota, near the fort, and from that day to this his career has been so intimately linked with the history of Minnesota, that all the essential incidents of the settlement of the Northwestern country, the struggle with the savages, their final conquest and expulsion and the birth and growth of the new State can be read in his biography. In an eloquent and appreciative notice of Dr. West's book Ignatius Donnelly lately wrote:

"Some men are fortunate in their deaths,—others in their lives. It is the environment gives opportunity. General Sibley has been happy in the circumstances of his career. The migration of the white race, which peopled Minnesota, has created a community which will endure while the world stands; and to the end of time the millions who shall dwell on this soil will turn lovingly and curiously to the antique figures which loom up, through the mirage of the centuries, as identified with the first coming of their ancestors to this fair land. What Daniel Boone is to Kentucky General Sibley will be to our posterity. He stood upon our bluffs and looked upon the great bosky valleys and flowing streams when only the redman roamed the wilderness. His life was the link which connected the race that was passing away with the race that was coming. He hunted the deer and the buffalo where now lordly cities arise. He lived the romantic life of the brown faced people of the forest—the Gypsies of the new world—in woods that had never known the woodman's axe; and fished for the glittering denizens of the flood in cataracts now ugly with mills and foul with sawdust.

"There was a strong element of goodness in the man that he could pass through all this wild life, which debased so many, and retain the dignity of civilization, the love of letters, and the susceptibility to culture, which have marked his career. Dr. West's book preaches a great lesson on the gospel of heredity. In reading it one can plainly see how like produces like. You can trace back the qualities which distinguish General Sibley for 200 years. 'It has never been known,' says the Rev. J. Langdon Sibley, 'that any of our family were ever hanged, however much they may have deserved to be; nor to have been punished for any civil offence.' The pedigree shows a long line of men and women, not marked, it is true, by great genius or transcendent ability, but possessing that just and equable balance of intellect and moral character, which endures through all the changes of time and fortune, and adorns life wherever it is made manifest. Neither the tepee of the Indian nor the drunken orgies of Washington politics, of a generation ago, could take out this deep-ingrained hereditary strain. Through it all General Sibley remained the same high-toned, kindly-hearted, chivalric, cultured gentleman; performing the duties of life honorably and acquitting himself of every trust ably."

We are glad to see Dr. West's book. It illustrates the right way to build a family;—not upon money-bags that rot and scatter, but upon the qualities of the mind and soul, which must endure and reappear from generation to generation, respected and beloved of men.

*Salad for the Solitary* notes the publication of a book in the seventeenth century under the title of "Croninhotonthologos, the most tragical tragedy that was ever tragedized by any company of tragedians." The first two lines of the production read:

"Aldeborontiphosphosphosio  
Where left you Croninhotonthologos?"



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The price of agricultural lands in North Dakota west of the Missouri River, ranges chiefly from \$3 to \$3.50 per acre, and grazing lands from \$1.25 to \$2.50 per acre. In Montana the price ranges chiefly from \$3 to \$5 per acre for agricultural land, and from \$1.25 to \$2.50 per acre for grazing lands. If purchased on five years' time, one-sixth cash, and the balance in five equal annual cash payments, with interest at 7 per cent. per annum.

The price of agricultural lands in Washington and Oregon ranges chiefly from \$2.50 to \$6 per acre. If purchased on five years' time, one-fifth cash. At end of first year the interest only on the unpaid amount. One-fifth of principal and interest due at end of each of next four years. Interest at 7 per cent. per annum.

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A SECTIONAL LAND MAP OF NORTH DAKOTA, showing the Government lands open to settlers, and those taken up, and the railroad lands for sale and those sold in the district covered by the map. It contains descriptive matter concerning the country, soil, climate and productions, and the large areas of unsurpassed agricultural and pastoral lands adapted to diversified farming in connection with stock raising.

A SECTIONAL LAND MAP OF EASTERN WASHINGTON AND NORTHERN IDAHO, showing the unoccupied and occupied Government lands, the sold and unsold railroad lands, with descriptive matter relating to this portion of the Northern Pacific country. This region contains large areas of fine agricultural lands and grazing ranges, rich mineral districts and valuable bodies of timber.

A SECTIONAL LAND MAP OF WESTERN AND CENTRAL WASHINGTON, showing the unoccupied and occupied Government lands, the sold and unsold railroad lands, in Central and Western Washington, including the Puget Sound section, with descriptive matter concerning the extensive timber regions, mineral districts and the agricultural and grazing lands.

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